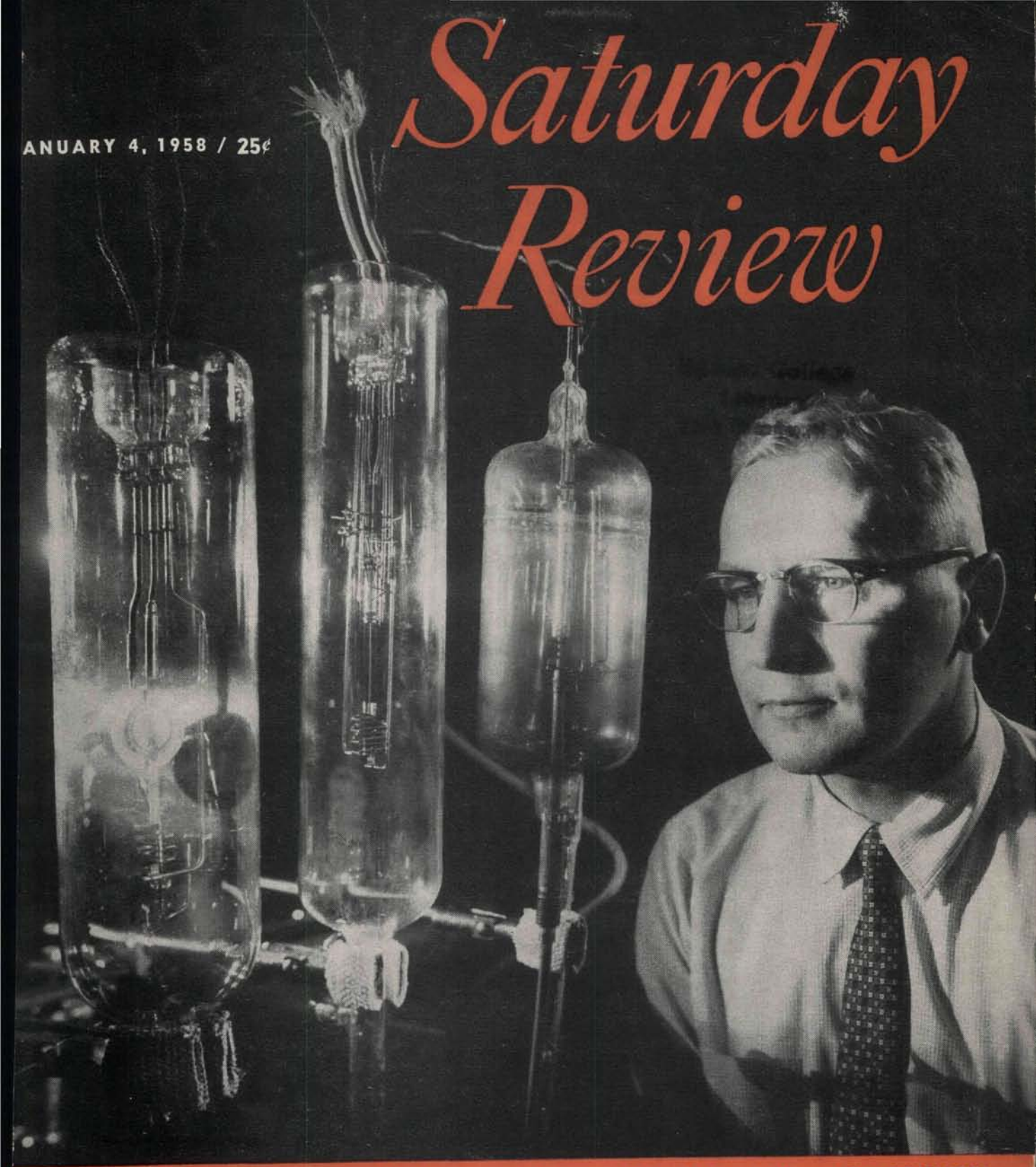
ANUARY 4, 1958 / 25¢

Saturday Review



Furnaces for the Moon, with Furnace-Maker Volney Wilson. (See SCIENCE)

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

WHAT WE DON'T KNOW HURTS US

By Dr. Chauncey D. Leake

FROM A WRITER'S

By Van Wyck

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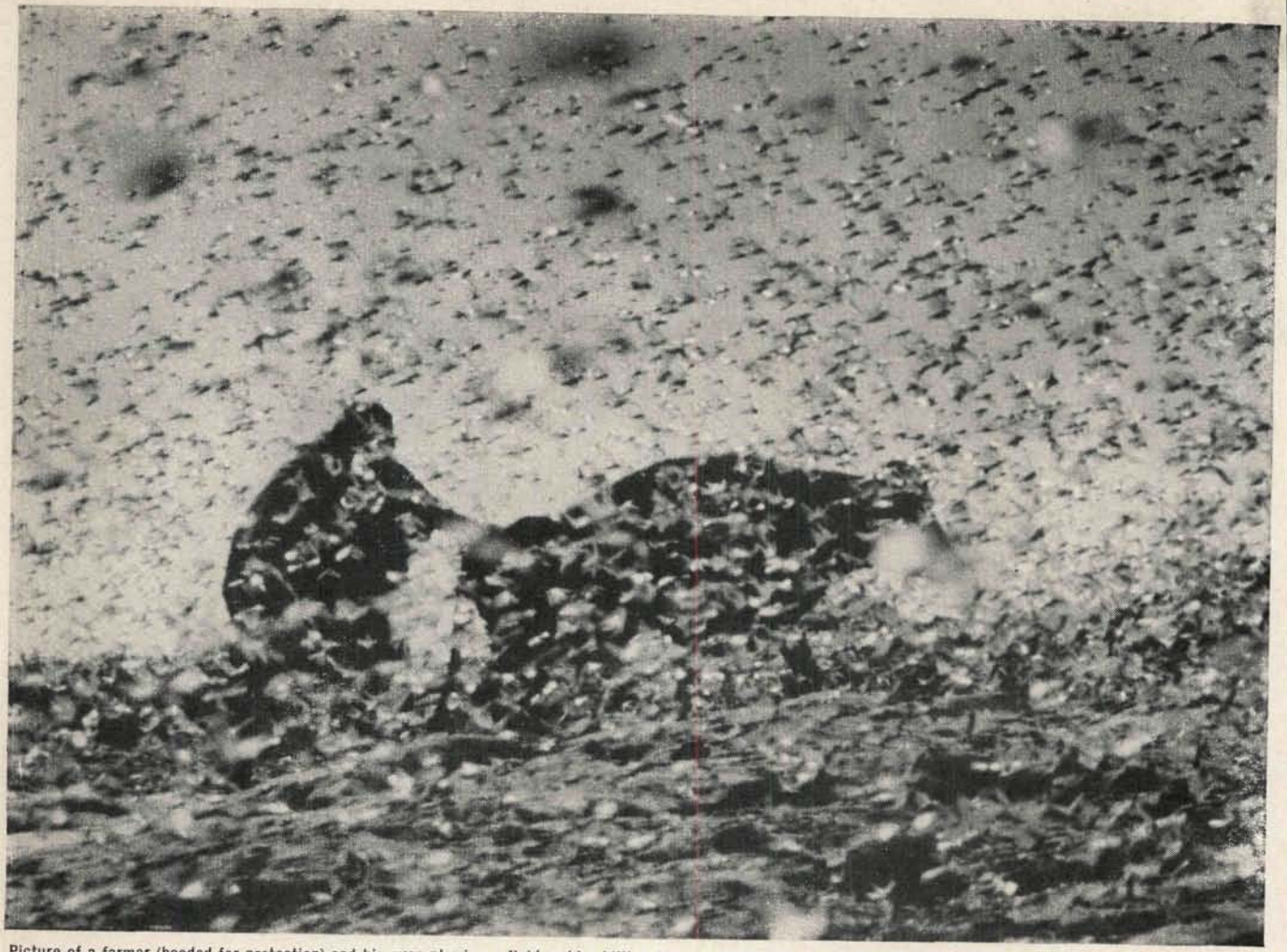

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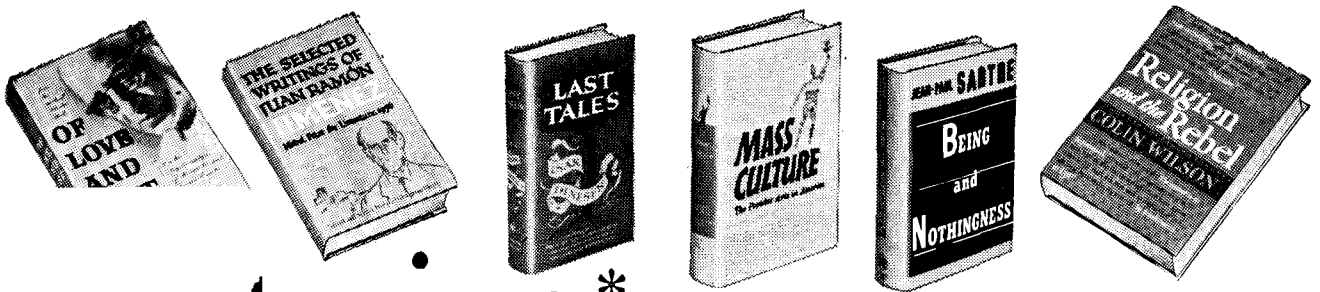

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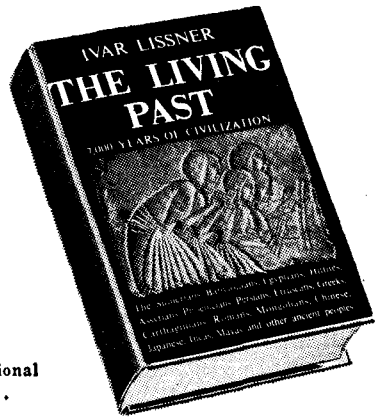

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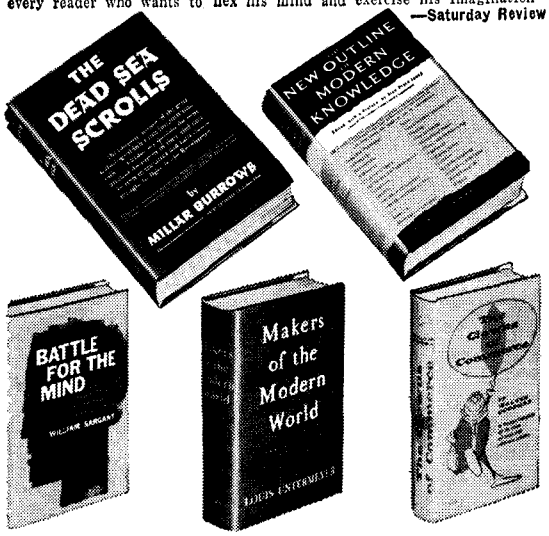

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The Saturday Review

JANUARY 4, 1958

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Athanasios may build you a book case someday

Athanasios has decided to become a cabinet maker. He's only 9, and already he shows great aptitude for carving bits of wood into little animals.

But Athanasios may never realize his ambition. His parents looked to a bright future; then Communist bands began to terrorize Greece and Athanasios' father was recalled into the National Guard. Hostilities have ceased but the couple is forced to live in a tiny two-room house with their four children for whom their shepherd-father cannot adequately provide. Their mother finds seasonal work at almond harvest time, but Athanasios may soon be forced to leave school, and go to work to supplement the family's income — unless someone like you can help this promising boy.

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FIRST OF THE MONTH

By CLEVELAND AMORY

• • Nowadays everybody under forty is supposed to be actively concerned and vitally interested in Science, Space, and the New World, and everybody over forty is not—they are still interested in the same little old world they always were. Where, we would like to know, does that leave someone like ourself who *is* forty? We were wondering about this when we had a talk with a man who declared he was approaching eighty—George Palen Snow, husband of the one and only Carmel Snow. "In my day," he said, "*we* didn't always have the answers. But we always thought that at least somebody *else* had them. Now *nobody* has them."

• • The reverse of this coin came at a holiday theatre benefit—one which was not, in sharp contrast to some, a benefit for the benefit of those giving the benefit. Coming out of the theatre, we heard a lady ask her escort, "What did you think of it?" "Think of it!" echoed the man, "Think of it! Fifty dollars a ticket and now I've got to have an *opinion!*"

• • In New York, on Times Square, through what investment counselor Arthur Wiesenberger has called "The Post-Boom Gloom," some people said not "Happy New Year" but "Happ*ier* New Year." Others went a step further and said, "Happy Nuclear!" Anyway, the Federal Reserve relaxed credit—which gave some cheer, if slightly on the Dutch side, to the departure of 1957. One would certainly have to go back a long way to find a year in which so many owed so much, period.

• • All of a sudden, it seems, without any election at all, we have passed into a new era—The Era of the Egghead. It's not a word you will find, as yet, in many dictionaries, because it was coined as recently as September 1952, by a young man named John deKoven Alsop, the non-newspaper (insurance) brother of the two brother columnists. One of the latter, Stewart, attending a Stevenson speech in his brother's home town of Hartford, peered around the hall and noted many normally Republican faces, or rather heads. Afterwards he called John, whom he still classes as a "Black Republican" and who was at that time Chairman of the GOP Speakers Bureau of the State. "Aren't you worried, John?" he asked. "Hell, no," replied John, "all the eggheads are for Adlai. But how many eggheads are there?"

Derogatory epithets have a way of coming back to haunt those who first used them derogatorily. There are many examples of this in history, even among other "heads"—such as "Roundheads"—and history moved particularly rapidly when it came to handling those who chose to use the word "egghead" as a way of attacking all intellectuals.

Today John, who modestly insists he thinks he heard the word somewhere, declares that he used the word as derogatory only in the political sense, as "people who were easily swayed, people who weren't being realistic." As for the first public use of the word, this occurred in Stewart Alsop's column of September 26, 1952, when it was defined as having "an Ivy League connotation, a capacity to read without moving one's lips." Finally Adlai Stevenson himself was moved to ask what it meant. "An egghead," he was told, "is anyone who went to college." But probably the most up to date definition is supplied by Cass Canfield. "An egghead," he says, "is anyone who thinks for himself."

In any case, the word has now come full cycle, and all the Alsops together, as well as other people, agree that the eggheads of this country have never ridden so high. From New York to California the eggheads are being given the full glamour treatment, and even on television it has been only a step from that pioneer egghead, Charles Van Doren, to program after program which, always for "the first time any camera has ever been admitted," takes us inside the laboratories to glamorous close-ups of our new glamorous scientists. Obviously, if this follows the traditional Hollywood pattern, we shall have first "The Unattainable Egghead" and then, later and unavoidably, "The Egghead Next Door."

• • Last summer two young New Yorkers of the pre-egghead glamour days—in other words "Glamour Girls"—Miss Sally Mundy and the Marquise de Portago, the former Carroll McDaniels and the widow of the late racing driver, took a ten-day trip to Russia. Everything they saw—from the jet airplanes and housing developments and TV antennas to the libraries, art museums, and "forty-four institutions of Higher Learning in Leningrad alone"—not to mention the fact that almost everyone spoke excellent English and was "curious, intelligent, and even humorous"—made a strong impression on them, but the girls found, when they got back home, that nobody wanted to believe the Russians could do anything. These were the days before the Sputniks and the girls were dismissed as "the two dizzy blondes of the International Set who are daffy about Russia"—this despite the fact that both girls hated then, and of course still hate, the Russian tyranny. Indeed, politically both girls might still be described as slightly to the right of the late "Belles for Bob" (Taft) and socially both were debutantes, one a member of the Junior League and the other a DAR. Nonetheless, the diary kept by one of the girls was returned by a fashion magazine as "too pro-Russian" and, in the brief NBC interview they had, they were denounced by a top NBC reporter on the grounds that they saw only the surface and didn't see the poverty underneath. "I didn't see as much poverty as there is in New York," says Miss Mundy, who comes from Bluefield, West Virginia, "but I gave up when my own Mother told me to shut up or everybody would think I was a Communist." As for the Marquise de Portago, who comes from Greenville, South Carolina, she too gave up talking about her trip because "people called me pink." "Even now," she says, "most of the time I don't even say I've been to Russia."

Both girls did, however, by pure coincidence, have the same Russian guide as another pre-Sputnik American reporter, whose reports, like so many others we received, were widely published and widely believed. "We have nothing to fear," this particular one said, "from the atomic bombs of a country that can't make a Chevrolet."

• • It seems there is not only a moral here, there is also a New Year's, or Nuclear's, Resolution. Roughly translated, it would seem to read that we now recognize the Russians as our dangerous adversaries and we resolve never again to underrate them, to know everything we can about them, and never again to allow ourselves the luxury of not wanting to know. There is also here, it seems, a large and rather unpalatable dose of what might be called egghead irony—that the late Senator McCarthy, who hated Communists, should have proved, in the end, so useful to them. In a way he may even be given due credit, of an inverse kind. For it was no easy task to make, of an entire country, an ostrich.

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TRADE Winds

IN CASE YOU HAVE been wondering what's really going on behind the Bamboo Curtain, here is the translation of a letter written by S. C. Chang of Kaifeng, Honan Province, to a newspaper in Shanghai:

"The carriers of Kaifeng are putting into practice the new democratic reforms and have broken the power of the despotic, feudal bosses. Under the leadership of the labor union, the former unjust and unreasonable wage system has been abolished and the workers themselves have set up a new system for recording their work. They have also done away with the old custom whereby each carriers' team had a boss who claimed part of the earnings though he did no work. Almost all the carriers attend the new night schools, and each team subscribes through the union to sixteen copies of the *Central-South China Workers' Daily*.

"With the end of exploitation, even those carriers thought lazy in the past have become diligent. 'Carry more and walk faster' has become the slogan. The production plan which the carriers adopted as part of their patriotic compact stipulates that each man pulls 500 catties of goods per load, but everywhere this plan is being overfulfilled. In the station district, for example, one popular carrier transports 1,200 catties each load, while Fu Tu-heng and Kuo Sien have broken their former records by each pulling 1,650 catties per load. An average of 900 catties per load is now being pulled by each carrier.

"The carriers' earnings have increased by 200 per cent, that is, from 5,000 to 15,000 Yuan per day, which has meant a great improvement in the standard of living. Four-fifths of the carriers of the fourth subteam have started to eat wheat flour instead of millet, and are able to buy themselves better equipment.

"Commenting on the new democratic reforms, one carrier said, 'Who in the past could afford to buy a cart with new pneumatic tires? And now, where do you see anyone pulling carts with old ones'?"

DOUBLEDAY AND COMPANY has asked me to spread the word about the Kenneth Roberts Memorial Award. The firm has established this continuing award of $5,000 for a first book by an author writing in the field of American history, if the book, in the opinion of the judges, meets the standards set by Roberts for himself. "Roberts's standards were high," the announcement said. "His research was unremitting and he ferreted out details until he grasped all and nothing but the truth."

I asked Doubleday if they were referring to the three books the late author wrote about Henry Gross and his dowsing rod. Being on the spot, Doubleday's official attitude is that they believe in dowsing, because they believe in Kenneth Roberts. I believe in him, too, and I loved all his historical books. But I have never been able to understand how a chap whose "standards were high" could have fallen for the water-dowsing myth. Roberts, according to his books, had poor Henry Gross water-witching bottles of bourbon under the lawn to prove he had the psychic touch needed for divining. Gross, it was reported, didn't have to ring the doorbell when he went calling on friends; he just pointed his wand in the right direction and found out if anyone was home or not. Another time, I am told, speeding along a Maine highway in the back seat of the car, he showed a friend where there was water in the ground beneath the road. That maple twig must have been jumping like a gooney bird.

The toughest one for me to swallow is the time Henry dowsed Bermuda while he was in Kennebunkport. He just took a map of the islands and passed his forked twig over it. Signs of fresh water showed here and there. The marked map was mailed down to Bermuda and wells were dug; water flowed. There has been so much controversy over it since that I can't get it straight. Part of the evidence in favor of the divining rod, in this case, is that a woman in Australia dowsed Bermuda from *that* side of the world. She, like Henry, was making her living map-dowsing.

A FEW WEEKS ago *The New York Times Book Review* reviewed "The Brain Pickers," by Hallie Burnett. In the next issue there appeared a letter blasting the reviewer, and signed by Whit Burnett. This wasn't a coincidence, I learned. It was an outraged husband defending his spouse's work.

"I never wrote a complaining letter before," Mr. Burnett told TRADE WINDS in an exclusive interview. "But I didn't send this one just because Hallie's my wife. The review devoted 40 per cent of its space to what was in the advertising and on the jacket, and that wasn't written by the author."

Mr. Burnett denied that he was prejudiced in favor of the book because his wife wrote it, or that he might not have an objective view.

"She is not only my wife," he said, "but a former student of mine and the winner of an O. Henry award and author of two previous books. 'The Brain Pickers' is a darned good novel!"

Now *that's* the way to review a book. I hereby establish the W. Burnett Award, given for the best family-wide defense of a published work. From now on, let's not have authors fight back at reviewers. Let's have husbands, wives, mothers, children rally to the ramparts. Let's have the writers, like Mrs. Burnett, sit quietly by.

DON FREEMAN, radio-TV editor of the *San Diego Union,* finds that people are starting to talk back to the interviewers. First, he heard Admiral Rickover roast Ed Murrow.

"The trouble with you is, you want simple answers," Rickover told Murrow, "but you don't know how to ask the proper questions!"

In another case, Chet Huntley was questioning Dore Schary, and asked him why foreign movies were better than ours.

"Oh, come off it, Chet," Schary fired back. "You know that isn't so."

On "Meet the Press" Republican Senator Saltonstall said he wouldn't say until next September what would be his attitude if his colleague, Democratic Senator Kennedy, decided to run.

"You mean," his questioner persisted, "you won't make up your mind until then?"

"Certainly I'll make up my mind before then," Saltonstall snapped, "but I'm not going to tell you now!"

Whatever happened to Mike Wallace? —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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But the Indians' respect for the white men greatly increased when they learned that Prof. Abbe and the others had known in advance when the sun would be temporarily blacked out* and had come many a day's journey just to see and record it.

*Great eclipse of 1869

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The Saturday Review
JANUARY 4, 1958

FROM A WRITER'S NOTEBOOK

Perhaps one of the finest literary histories ever done in America, and on America, has come from the urbane, prolific pen of Van Wyck Brooks. Born in New Jersey in 1886, Mr. Brooks taught English for a few years in California, and in 1909 embarked on his immensely productive career as an author. The jottings here, made over the years on margins and bookmarks, are excerpted from his forthcoming "From a Writer's Notebook" (Dutton, $3).

By VAN WYCK BROOKS

NOTHING is so soothing to our self-esteem as to find our bad traits in our forbears. It seems to absolve us.

• • •

Earnest people are often people who habitually look on the serious side of things that have no serious side.

• • •

Is it possible that sharks and rattlesnakes have nightmares in their sleep, in which they are obliged to feel they are something else, and then wake up again to the delicious realization that they still have their jaws and rattles?

• • •

Gibbon observes that the ancient Germans, when they were summoned to a public meeting, would lag behind the appointed time in order to show their independence. This trait was still more marked, according to Parkman, among the American Indians of Pontiac's time.

Similarly, my friend X and other editorial potentates rattle their papers on their desks for ten or twenty minutes, before they admit their suppliants, in order to show how important and busy they are. Henceforth I shall think of editors as ancient Germans.

• • •

How many books can any man read? A supposedly well-informed journalist has written that Hitler undoubtedly read most of the 7,000 military books in his library. So Lawrence of Arabia was said to have read at Oxford most of the 40,000 books in the library of his college. So Thomas Wolfe allegedly devoured 20,000 books or so. Wolfe obviously pictured himself as Eugene Gant in "Look Homeward, Angel," "pulling books out of a thousand shelves and reading like a madman. . . . He read insanely, by the hundreds, the thousands, the ten thousands." How tiresome, all this, and how untrue. People speak of these things very much at their ease. For the last twenty years I have been obliged to read on an average six or seven hours a day. I have certainly read far more than these others have had time for, in the short periods referred to, and how many books have I read in these twenty years? Something less than 6,000, I think, less than a book a day.

• • •

The Genteel Tradition. This phrase has had too long a run. It has been stretched in so many directions that it is as lifeless as an old elastic. One cannot bear too heavily on suggestive phrases, and one grows heartily sick

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of these phrases when they have been used three times. Besides, the writers who use this phrase confound the noble with the genteel. They will be calling Marcus Aurelius genteel next.

• • •

Nietzsche convinced every Pomeranian puppy that he was a mastiff. He made all his readers feel that they were aristocrats without being or doing anything to support the assumption.

• • •

Regarding the "creative writing" courses in our colleges, one must add that they tend to destroy the audience of literature. They do so by promoting into writers, and often opinionative writers, the susceptible but uncreative persons who might otherwise be the best readers.

• • •

There are writers who, as writers, ought to die, and the only way to contribute to this end is not to mention them.

• • •

"Nowadays everything grows old in a few hours; reputation fades, a work passes away in a moment. Everybody writes; nobody reads seriously." How often, in the twentieth century, one hears this lament! It was uttered by Chateaubriand in 1836.

• • •

"Seeing Shelley plain" is not always rewarding. Arthur Davison Ficke, the poet, told me that when he left Harvard, on a voyage round the world, he stopped at Athens. Entering the breakfast room in the dingy little Hotel Minerva, he heard a voice saying, "Good morning, Mr. Ficke"; and there, sitting at a small table, was George Santayana, who had been one of his professors. The next morning Santayana exclaimed, "Good morning, Mr. James," as the face of William James appeared at the door. James had come to spend a month in Athens. The two philosophers invited Ficke to take his meals with them, and I asked him what these great men had talked about. Mainly golf, he said,—one of them played golf and the other didn't. They did not bark at one another, as the officers barked in "The Red Badge of Courage," while the soldier Henry Fleming listened to their talk. But neither did these two Shelleys utter what Stephen

Crane's soldier expected to hear as he listened for "some great inner *historical things.*"

• • •

Dr. Alexis Carrel said that what the world needs is a "high council of doctors" to rule it for its good. So H. G. Wells always said that the world should be ruled by engineers, and no doubt the West Point men feel that the world should be ruled by a General Staff. I know I have a tendency to feel that the world should be ruled by writers; but, though Goethe was a good administrator, I do not forget the remark of Frederick the Great. He said the worst thing he could do to punish a province was to sentence it to be governed by a man of letters. No, let writers rule by writing, as they do rule, even at present; for "Imagination governs mankind," as a practical man, Napoleon, said—and who rules the imagination more than writers?

• • •

Originally "sweetness and light" was a phrase of the author of "Gulliver's Travels." These qualities were the "two noblest of things," said Swift; but would anyone dare so to call them now? They have become a byword and a hissing, as if bitterness and darkness were better than sweetness and light; and beside the granitic self-protective disillusionment of our time these words are as ineffectual as spray against a sea-wall. They are as obsolete as old-fashioned phrases like "a sound-hearted sailor" and "a free-hearted soldier," phrases that stood for syntheses and seem to belong to a foreign tongue in our day of analysis and the analytic mind.

And, indeed, how could people be expected to admire these traits when they feel that to go "soft" is to open themselves to destruction? But, although we cannot accept them now, must we not admit that they are superior attributes of the well and the strong? Surely to be able to take an enlightened harmonious view of life is the end-product of all psychotherapy, and can it be denied that in any scale of values "sweetness and light" are precisely what Swift called them? Taken together, they constitute almost the perfect phrase for any truly desirable historical epoch,—for instance, the Periclean age, as we like to think it was—just as the phrase "a Christian gentleman," everywhere nowadays used in contempt, is almost the perfect phrase for a desirable person. (Don Quixote, or the Vicar of Wakefield, or Colonel Newcome.) But when, at the outset of a modern story, one sees the phrase "a Christian gentleman," one knows what to expect before the story closes—the kind of scoundrel who has all the attributes that are commonly associated at present with "sweetness and light."

This phrase flourished in the days when the Sistine Madonna and Murillo's Immaculate Conception were the world's favorite pictures. It was spoiled already in my childhood, and I do not expect to see it flourish again in a day when "Hell" Breughel and Picasso reign over minds. But I think we should keep its right of way open—just as the bronze statue does in Trois Rivières in Quebec that commemorates the "douceur" of the old French bishop. If ours is a demented world as so many think and say, we should share its emotional life while retaining our reason, as a sane visitor in a mental hospital shares the patients' feelings while maintaining in his own mind the standard of mental health.

• • •

With shining faces—in the morning paper—the well-known novelist and his daughter and wife set out on a plane for Madrid to see the bullfights, and only the other day I read that Sidney Franklin had opened in California a school for bullfighters. There has also been much in the news about an American girl matador who is

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following in the steps of this young man from Brooklyn.

How many books, for the rest, have been written in praise of bullfighting since Hemingway created a fashion for this medieval sport, a sport that was once regarded as on the level of stallion-baiting or the bear-baiting that people gave up in disgust. There was also a game of cat-worrying that rivalled the cock-fights which Mark Twain, in New Orleans, refused to see, the same Mark Twain who expressed his opinion of bullfighting in a story written from the horse's point of view. Even Napoleon's generals, when they invaded Spain, expressed their disapproval of so barbarous a sport, and James Huneker, who said "We prefer the abattoir," continued, in "The New Cosmopolis," as follows: "The meanest feature is not the slaughter of the mild old cattle but the occasional disembowelment of a horse. The toreadors, matadors, picadors are operatic creatures, more spoiled than Italian tenors and twice as useless." And how speak the English and the French? D. H. Lawrence described bullfighting as "the grandeur of Rome —soiling its breeches," and André Gide said in his Journal, perhaps speaking for his countrymen, "To kill someone because he is angry may be all right, but to anger someone in order to kill him is absolutely criminal. It is in a state of mortal sin that the bull is killed."

It is a violation of some deep instinct in us to separate the esthetic from the humane, and it cannot be supposed that these writers were unaware of the "art" that justifies the sport in the eyes of so many. Or of the value the sport may have in toughening minds that see themselves in an epoch of world wars as "tumbril bait." But to what could it lead if this fashion went unchecked and no one objected to Hemingway's masculine protest, which resembles in certain ways Theodore Roosevelt's small-boy zest for shooting off animals' heads and breaking their backs? Not that Americans in general have changed in their feeling about bullfights. A friend in Madrid writes to me, "Spaniards, when they see Americans in good seats, keep their eyes on them, knowing that they can soon take their places." Americans in general do not share the convenient theological notion of the Spaniards that, inasmuch as animals have no souls, it does not matter what happens to their bodies. We, or our English cogeners, invented the SPCA and seem unlikely to lose the feelings that inspired it; but I think it would be a sad perversion if the literary imagination lost in this matter its touch with the general mind. The Hindu regard for the sacredness of life is much more normal to the writer—even if sacred cows in myriads wander through India as a consequence of this and sacred monkeys are permitted to befoul the rice-fields. When Abraham Lincoln in his youth pursued a snake through thickets to prevent it from swallowing a frog and saved a fawn's life by scaring it away from a rifle, he was acting in line with the discipline that requires writers to value life on pain of losing the power to recreate it.

• • •

The writers who are to play a part in the rebuilding of civilization will share some of Schweitzer's reverence for life, the reverence that John Bartram revealed when this old naturalist was filled with compunction over the field-flowers that he had so carelessly mowed. They will understand the feeling of William James about vivisection, that he must somehow pay something back to life for every jet of pain that he was causing. Thomas Hardy wrote in "Tess" a chapter on the pheasants that were wounded to make sport for the English gentry —after which, he said, the gentry cut him,—and Aldous Huxley and Bertrand Russell are vice presidents of a society "to stop the sordid and ugly pastime of hunting foxes to death for fun." Pope's essay on the mistreatment of animals might convince one of his goodness of heart if it were not for his ridicule of the "dinner-lessness" and "rags" that he found so delightfully funny in the wretches of Grub Street.

"It has become a custom to call anyone a sentimentalist who is sufficiently civilized to be susceptible to the tender emotions." So says Lord David Cecil somewhere. But unless we cultivate tenderness, what will become of a humanity that is now as red as nature in tooth and claw?

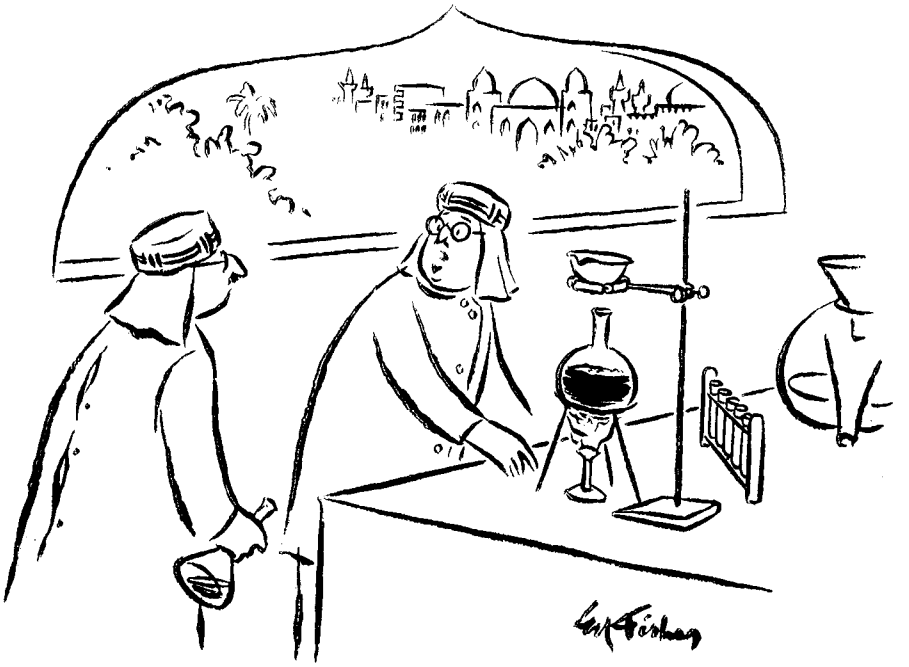
• • •

If mud-turtles could speak they would sound like my countrymen as I hear them over the radio and in the movies, spreading the mud-turtle language among millions who are led to feel that one ought to speak as if one had mud in the mouth. In this mere viscous noise every syllable is blurred or burred; there is no precision or clarity; no vowel has its value. Well said the novelist Howells, "Who can defend the American accent, which is not so much an accent as a whiffle, a snuffle, a twang?"

• • •

How explain the fact, so strange to Europeans, that Americans regard expatriation as a kind of treason? It is because they are born parts of a still unformed organism, and their American instinct requires them to share in the forming of this organism. As a rule, they feel this organic

(Continued on page 30)



"Good grief! I've found a substitute for oil!"

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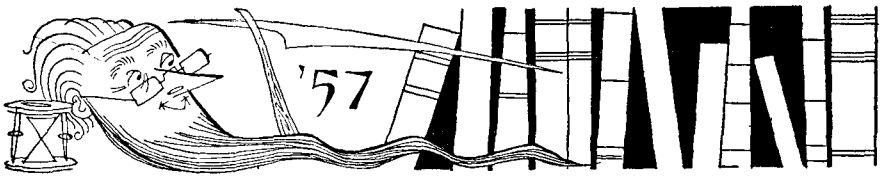

A Literary Look Back . . .

THIS WEEK, when it's again time to take down one calendar and put up another, *SR* takes a long, appraising look at the literary year just passed and a quick, hopeful look at what lies ahead. Once more it has asked a number of men and women who follow developments in literature to name the books they consider the best in fiction, poetry, and the general fields. The forty-six men and women who responded to this invitation are listed on the opposite page. The books they nominated are listed alphabetically below.

The purpose of the poll is to call attention to outstanding works rather than to pick any one or two as the "best" in their field. However, for those who insist on finding significance in numbers, here are a few statistics:

In the fiction field "By Love Possessed," by James Gould Cozzens was named nineteen times, far ahead of "Justine," by Lawrence Durrell, which had three backers.

In poetry Robert Penn Warren's "Promises" was proposed six times and Kenneth Fearing's "New and Selected Poems" four.

In the general field, where the number of possibilities was even greater, the voting was far more scattered. Four works were nominated three times each: "Byron," by Leslie Marchand; "The Crisis of the Old Order," by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.; "Letters of James Joyce," edited by Stuart Gilbert; and "Mr. Baruch," by Margaret L. Coit. —R. W., Jr.

POETRY

COLLECTED POEMS. By Roy Campbell. *(Regnery) Cross.*

HAWK IN THE RAIN. By Ted Hughes. *(Harper) Wyllie.*

LETTER FROM A DISTANT LAND. By Philip Booth. *(Indiana) Bond.*

NEW AND SELECTED POEMS. By Kenneth Fearing. *(Viking) Barkham, Glicksburg, Kogan, Snajdr.*

NEW POETS OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA. Edited by Donald Hall, Robert Pack, Louis Simpson. *(Meridian) Dolbier.*

OPUS POSTHUMOUS. By Wallace Stevens. *(Knopf) Deutsch, Scott.*

PILGRIM'S TERRACE. By Tram Combs. *(La Nueva Salamanca, Puerto Rico) Williams.*

PLATERO AND I. By Juan Ramon Jimenez. *(University of Texas; Duschnes) McAdory, Yeiser.*

POEMS 1947-1957. By William Jay Smith. *(Atlantic-Little, Brown) Little.*

MAN HAS WINGS. By Francis Thompson. *(Hanover House) Lucchese.*

PROMISES. By Robert Penn Warren. *(Random House) Beatty, Bradley, Herzberg, McManis, J. K. Sherman, Tinkle.*

THE RELIC AND OTHER POEMS. By Robert Hillyer. *(Knopf) Molyneux, O'Neill.*

SELECTED POEMS OF H.D. *(Grove) Gregory.*

SELECTED WRITING OF JUAN RAMON JIMENEZ. *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy) Troy.*

THE SILVER TREASURY OF LIGHT VERSE. Edited by Oscar Williams. *(Mentor) Hogan.*

THE TENMILE RANGE. By Belle Turnbull. *(Prairie Press, Iowa City) Perkin.*

WHEN WE WERE HERE TOGETHER. By Kenneth Patchen. *(New Directions) Kirsch.*

FICTION

ATLAS SHRUGGED. By Ayn Rand. *(Random House) Little.*

BY LOVE POSSESSED. By James Gould Cozzens. *(Harcourt, Brace) Baker, Barkham, Bond, Bradley, Cady, Hass, Highet, Hutchens, Kogan, Lucchese, McAdory, McManis, Molyneux, Perkin, Peterson, J. K. Sherman, Snajdr, Tinkle, Troy.*

DANDELION WINE. By Ray Bradbury. *(Doubleday) Babcock.*

A DEATH IN THE FAMILY. By James Agee. *(McDowell, Obolensky) O'Neill.*

EDGE OF DARKNESS. By Mary Ellen Chase. *(Norton) Herzberg.*

THE FALL. By Albert Camus. *(Knopf) Cross.*

JUSTINE. By Lawrence Durrell. *(Dutton) Dolbier, Geismar, Yeiser.*

RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS! By Max Shulman *(Doubleday) Flowers.*

THE SCORPION FIELD. By J. L. Nusser. *(Appleton-Century-Crofts) Kirsch.*

SOMETHING ABOUT A SOLDIER. By Mark Harris. *(Macmillan) Hogan, Wyllie.*

THE TOWN. By William Faulkner. *(Random House) T. B. Sherman.*

THE VELVET HORN. By Andrew Lytle. *(McDowell, Obolensky) Beatty.*

GENERAL

AGE OF REVOLUTION. By W. S. Churchill. *(Dodd) McManis, T. B. Sherman.*

AMERICA AS A CIVILIZATION. By Max Lerner. *(S & S) Barkham, Cross.*

BARUCH: MY OWN STORY. By Bernard Baruch. *(Holt) Flowers, Lucchese.*

BYRON. By Leslie Marchand. *(Knopf) Bradley, Herzberg, Little.*

CHURCHILL-ROOSEVELT-STALIN. By Herbert Feis. *(Princeton) Goldman, O'Neill.*

THE CRISIS OF THE OLD ORDER. By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. *(Houghton Mifflin) Hogan, Hutchens, Kogan.*

THE DEMOCRATIC ROOSEVELT. By Rexford G. Tugwell. *(Doubleday) Beatty, Woodward.*

PETER FREUCHEN'S BOOK OF THE SEVEN SEAS. *(Messner) McAdory.*

THE GOLDEN SOVEREIGN. By Richard Church. *(Dutton) Hass.*

THE GREAT CHAIN OF LIFE. By Joseph Wood Krutch. *(Houghton Mifflin) Bates.*

HARVARD CASE HISTORIES IN EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE. Edited by James Bryant Conant. *(Harvard) Lawrence.*

LETTERS OF JAMES JOYCE. Edited by Stuart Gilbert. *(Scribners) Edel, J. K. Sherman, Wyllie.*

THE LION AND THE THRONE. By Catherine Drinker Bowen. *(Little, Brown) Snajdr.*

LITERARY CRITICISM: A SHORT HISTORY. By William Wimsatt, Jr. and Cleanth Brooks. *(Knopf) Yeiser.*

MR. BARUCH. By Margaret L. Coit. *(Houghton Mifflin) Bond, Kirsch, Molyneux.*

NUCLEAR WEAPONS AND FOREIGN POLICY. By Henry Kissinger. *(Harper) Dolbier, Lubbell.*

THE REFORMATION. By Will Durant. *(Simon & Schuster) Cady, Tinkle.*

SHAKESPEAREAN CIPHERS EXAMINED. By William and Elizabeth Friedman. *(Cambridge) Barzun.*

THIS HILL, THIS VALLEY. By Hal Borland. *(Simon & Schuster) Perkin.*

TO SEE THE DREAM. By Jessamyn West. *(Harcourt, Brace) Babcock.*

THE TWENTIETH MAINE. By John J. Pullen. *(Lippincott) Catton.*

THE VICTORIAN FRAME OF MIND. By Walter Houghton. *(Yale) Troy.*

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The Nominators

The twenty-nine newspaper reviewers who participated in this poll are:

Frederic Babcock, *Chicago Tribune*
John Barkham, Saturday Review Syndicate
Richmond Beatty, *Nashville Tennessean*
Alice Dixon Bond, *Boston Herald*
Van Allen Bradley, *Chicago Daily News*
Ernest Cady, *Columbus Dispatch*
Leslie Cross, *Milwaukee Journal*
Maurice Dolbier, *New York Herald Tribune*
Paul Flowers, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*
Victor Hass, *Omaha World Herald*
Max Herzberg, *Newark Evening and Sunday News*
William Hogan, *San Francisco Chronicle*
John K. Hutchens, *New York Herald Tribune*
Robert R. Kirsch, *Los Angeles Times*
Herman Kogan, *Chicago Sun Times*
Carl Victor Little, *Houston Press*
Sam F. Lucchese, *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*
James R. McAdory, Jr. *Birmingham News*
John McManis, *Detroit News*
Robert Molyneux, *Pittsburgh Press*
Frank O'Neill, *Cleveland News*
Robert L. Perkin. *Rocky Mountain News*
John K. Sherman, *Minneapolis Star and Tribune*
Thomas B. Sherman, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*
Robert I. Snajdr, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
Lon Tinkle, *Dallas News*
George Troy, *Providence Journal*
John Cook Wyllie, *Richmond News Leader*
Frederick Yeiser, *Cincinnati Enquirer*

The specialists who nominated books in fiction are:

Carlos Baker, professor of English at Princeton University
Maxwell Geismar, critic and author of "Rebels and Ancestors"
Gilbert Highet, Professor of Classics at Columbia University and conductor of the radio program "People, Places, and Books"
Virgilia Peterson, lecturer and critic

The specialists who nominated books in the general fields are:

Marston Bates, professor of zoology at the University of Michigan
Jacques Barzun, Dean of Columbia University's Graduate School and author of "Energies of Art"
Bruce Catton, historian and author of 1953 National Book Award, "A Stillness at Appomattox"
Eric Goldman, professor of History at Princeton University and author of "The Crucial Decade"
Leon Edel, critic and biographer of Henry James
William Lawrence, Science Editor, *The New York Times*
Samuel Lubbell, political commentator and author of "The Future of American Politics"
C. Vann Woodward, professor of history at Johns Hopkins University, author of "The Strange Case of Jim Crow"

The specialists who nominated books of verse are:

Babette Deutsch, teacher at Columbia University and translator of several volumes of poetry
Charles I. Glicksburg, poet and critic
Horace Gregory, lecturer on poetry at Sarah Lawrence College and poet
W. T. Scott, former book review editor of the *Providence Journal* and author of "Mr. Whittier and Other Poems"
William Carlos Williams, author and winner of the National Book Award for poetry, 1949

. . . and Ahead

PROGNOSTICATION is a notoriously hazardous business in the world of books and literature, just as in any other. But of the four to five thousand books that the publishers will be issuing between now and the middle of 1958, here are a few that seem to be worth looking forward to with higher than average expectations:

Novels: Betty Smith's first novel since her highly popular "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" is due from Harper next month. Its name: "Maggie-Now." Its subject: An Irish family and a girl growing up in Brooklyn early in this century. . . . The problems besetting a mixed (Jewish-gentile) marriage and of New Yorkers climbing up the social ladder are explored by Jerome ("I Can Get It for You Wholesale") Weidman in "The Enemy Camp," coming from Random House in February. . . . Anya Seton has found another fascinatingly romantic subject in Elizabeth Winthrop, niece of Massachusetts's Governor Winthrop, who had three husbands and was a rebel against the staid way of life of seventeenth-century New England. She's made a novel out of it, "The Winthrop Woman," which Houghton Mifflin is publishing.

General: February will see the publication by Harper of John Gunther's long-awaited "Inside Russia Today" and Nancy Mitford's "Voltaire in Love," the latter an account of the famous philosopher's affair with the remarkable Marquise de Chatelet. . . . The eminent Catholic philosopher Jacques Maritain is offering his thoughts on life in our country and on democratic philosophy in "Reflections on America," which Scribners is bringing out next month. . . . It seems that James Joyce's brother Stanislaus kept a journal during his boyhood; he's drawn on it for his book "My Brother's Keeper," which is on the Viking list. . . . A big, scholarly, and readable biography of Woodrow Wilson has been written by Arthur Walworth. Longmans will be publishing it in two volumes. . . . A comparison on the living conditions, ideas, and traditions of the key countries in the East and West is offered by the Indian editor Frank Moraes in "Yonder Once World" (Macmillan).

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Man Under the African Sun

A Just-Published Book Explicates Albert Camus, French Writer Recently Awarded a Nobel Prize

By MORRIS BISHOP, *professor of romance languages, Cornell University.*

BY THE time these words appear, Albert Camus will have received the Nobel Prize for literature, suffered photography from peculiar angles by *Life* and *Look*, and he will have been treated to a searching mental and physical examination by *Time*. Thus he will have entered the intellectual public domain. Here and there, illuminated high-school seniors and enlighteners of women's clubs and professors specializing in contemporary lit. will suddenly wish to learn all about Camus in two or three hours. For all such Albert Maquet's little book **"Albert Camus: The Invincible Summer"** (Braziller, $3.75), will be a boon. Phrases of Maquet will glitter in many a critical amalgam and explication. Yes, in mine too.

For bringing out at the aptest moment this translation of the best introduction to Camus, the publisher deserves our gratitude. (Although I don't recall ever hearing a scholar express his gratitude to a publisher.) The translation, by Herma Briffault, is faithful and well turned. (She does indeed render *en effet* by *in effect*, and *effectivement* by *effectively*.) Appended is a long, exact, and up-to-date bibliography.

Albert Maquet recounts Camus's picturesque life, takes up each of his works in turn, summarizes the plot or theme, isolates the main contentions, awards much praise and a little blame, and concludes with a chapter on "The Esthetician and the Artist." The whole is competent, useful, well informed. It is, however, the work of an adoring disciple. It suffers, perhaps, from the dazzling effect of the African sun, which is forever intruding in his argument. We who are protected from its actinic rays may be unwilling to accept Maquet's judgments without qualification. We have the right to look at Camus's work under the color of our gray and wintry skies.

Albert Camus is now forty-four. Excepting only Rudyard Kipling, he is the youngest recipient of the Nobel Prize for literature. His published works consist of three novels, two of them very short, four plays, none of them a clear theatrical success, two volumes of short stories, and seven collections of essays and *chroniques*. The list seems rather thin for a Nobel Prize-winner. One wonders what Sartre had to say about the award. Perhaps his congratulations were a little strained, his smile somewhat yellow, as the French say.

Nevertheless, we may agree with the French in applauding the world honor done to Camus. Sartre would be his only serious French rival; and it is now evident that Sartre, bound by his philosophical theories, has been steadily dwindling in achievement and prestige, while Camus has been growing. Sartre made the mistake of establishing a doctrine, a dogma, to which he then owed fidelity; Camus indeed worked out a system of convictions, based on the universal absurd, and set them down in "The Myth of Sisyphus" (1942). It is clear, however, that he found these wartime conclusions insufficient. In his recent work, he has gone far beyond the obsession with the absurd.

Thus Camus has escaped from his own assertions. He says himself: "I am not a philosopher. I only know how to talk about the things I have experienced." That is a healthy point of view for a creative writer. The truth of his statement is borne out in the record of his work, which is a constant search for meaning, drawn from his own experience. He began with lyrical addresses to life, under the African sun ("L'Envers et l'endroit," 1937; "Noces," 1939). The war provoked his reflections on the absurd, and the fictional illustration of his theories, "The Strangers" (1942). The Stranger himself is certainly an aspect of Camus, perhaps a remembrance of a long illness he underwent in 1937. The Stranger, lymphatic, aboulic, cannot feel, nor act, nor revolt, nor protest. He is condemned and executed, not because he has killed another man "on account of the sun," but because he is (says Albert Maquet) "a kind of monster who refuses to enter into the game of society's illusions, lies, and hypocrisies. Society wants a reassuring attitude from him and he does nothing but denounce, by his tranquil stubbornness in speaking the truth, the real and miserable aspect of man's fate."

IN 1947 appeared "The Plague," which tells, in a sober, reportorial style, of the rise, reign, and fall of an imagined pestilence in the real city of Oran, in Algeria. The meaning emerges from the behavior of men under universal affliction. Some stupefy themselves, some find refuge in religion, some plunge happily into black-marketing. A few are the fighters, the resisters, the true healers.

Albert Camus—". . . no longer obsessed with the absurd."

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The superficial parallel with the story is the German occupation and the French resistance. In its profounder meaning, the book is, says Maquet, "a definition of a humanism faithful to human dignity and, in its widest bounds, despite the look of the transcendental, a humanism open to a sacred interpretation."

In 1951 came "The Rebel," which includes a study of man in revolt, in history and fiction, but which is essentially a continuation of Camus's pursuit of meaning. By rebellion man goes beyond the absurd, he is "caught up in the irresistible movement by which the absurd excels itself." In rebelling, "man surpasses himself and identifies with others." Thus Camus revolts against his own confining doctrines of the absurd, and thus he becomes free to affirm, to assert his faith in man's capability of salvation.

Finally, in 1956, "The Fall," that troubling and beautiful little book, in which Camus dismisses, probably for good, his conviction of the absurd. It is again a confession of an aspect of himself, of all of us. Out of those clairvoyant moments when a man suspects the purity of his own motives Camus constructs a possible life. His character, Clamence, refuses to cover up his dreadful realizations, to play the hypocrite. Recognizing guilt, he finds a peculiar kind of expiation. He accepts his own evil, and tries to convince his interlocutors of theirs. Is he the devil? No, because the devil cajoles and deludes man into false self-esteem. This is Pascal, forcing his worldly charges to look in the mirror at their own horrible faces. Clamence's method is that of the saints, of the great confessors of humanity. Clamence, and perhaps Camus, is taking the first steps of the pilgrim's progress, of the five-fold Mystic Way.

"The Fall" was first conceived as a short story. It is an aspect, a fragmentary view; it is one man, not all men. Camus now proposes to write a real novel, the history of man's life from 1914 to the present, wherein the events of forty years will pass by like landscapes seen from a train window. Here is the scheme for a great novel. I think that Camus is ready to write it.

Oh, by the way—Maquet picks up a phrase from one of Camus's letters which seems to me so splendid that it should be enshrined in our Dictionaries of Quotations: "There is a dead justice and a living justice; and justice dies from the moment it becomes a comfort, when it ceases to be a burning reality, a demand upon oneself." I should like to see that carved on every courthouse portal.

FICTION

An Instant in History

"The White Witch," by Elizabeth Goudge *(Coward-McCann. 439 pp. $4.95), is the story of a young Cavalier who poses as a Puritan in the turbulent time of the English Civil War.*

By Thomas C. Chubb

ONCE again an Englishwoman has achieved an outstanding success in the field of historical fiction. Elizabeth Goudge's new novel, "The White Witch," stands comparison with Elizabeth Simon's "The Golden Hand"; with Hilda Prescott's "The Man on a Donkey" and "Son of Dust"; and with Mary Renault's "The Last of the Wine."

It is hard to imagine any list of the ten best historical novels of the past decade that did not include all or most of these. To one degree or another, too, they were all best-sellers, and—which is not always the case—they deserved to be. Miss Goudge's appealing and penetrating story will likely be a best-seller too. It, too, will deserve to be one.

Yet, in a sense, it is a misnomer to call it an historical novel. To be sure, it is laid in the past—"in the time when Cavalier and Puritan strove for the mastery of the realm"—and to be sure also, historic personages such as John Hampden, Charles I, Oliver Cromwell, Prince Rupert, and even Henrietta Maria, walk across its pages, where they are portrayed with the realism of a Rembrandt or the flattery of a Van Dyke. But unlike Miss Prescott, who, while writing profound fiction, also told the story of the Pilgrimage of Grace with such logic and clarity that there is no need to turn back to the textbooks, Elizabeth Goudge seems concerned with battles and with the clash of power only as they affect those particular human beings who are assembled by her pen. Her "history" is a certain moment when certain people lived.

In that sense, her book is timeless, but in another sense it is not timeless at all. For only in the little village of Flowercote, and probably only just then—when angry Old Testament iconoclasm came into conflict with the lovely paganism of ritual Christianity; when the modern was still around the corner and, the Middle Ages had not quite been entirely abolished—could just such a set of characters suffer just the anguishes they did. The young hero, aristocratic Francis Leyland, on a wager disguises himself as a Puritan and a traveling painter. He soon becomes involved with the Puritan Haslewood family who shelter the neighboring gypsies. Froniga, "the white witch," is a half-gypsy who uses her magic powers for healing. The other characters include gypsies; half gypsies; a supposed gypsy; a wonderful, almost St. Francis-like Royalist pastor; a unicorn—you will discover what he really was; a patient Grisilda wife (but she can shed tears); a stupid but altruistic squire; a black witch; and too many children to set down. Not a few of them, but every one is well done.

—*Bettmann*

Oliver Cromwell—"walks its pages."

At one point only—in its last sentences—does the book not quite come off. Clearly, the passage of time and event might well have turned Francis into "a foppish creature" whose "fashionable periwig shaded a clean-shaven face, sallow and lined, with lines of ill health under the eyes." Equally, Mistress Jennifer Haslewood (one of the children) could have become the staid Puritan old maid of twenty-six. But it is less convincing that as Jennifer saw Francis and thought about herself, she could have "felt the first faint stirrings of a great love." White witchcraft is powerful, but not as powerful as that.

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Courtroom Drama

"Anatomy of a Murder," by Robert Traver *(St. Martin's Press. 437 pp. $4.50), is the story of the trial of Lieutenant Manion, on trial for killing a man who raped his wife.*

By Joseph Hitrec

ROBERT Traver, we are told, is the pen name of a Supreme Court justice in a Midwestern state—the author of several tales of transgression against the law—so it is natural that his latest, "Anatomy of a Murder," should raise high expectations of courtroom realism and suspense. Again, Mr. Traver delivers these very satisfactorily. The subject of the anatomy, to begin with, is a piquant double-package crime with built-in insurance of fascination: rape and murder. The participants include a couple of attractive women and a likable hero. Clinical and laboratory details are fairly explicit—as, of course, they ought to be in a people's court of law. And even though "Anatomy" is primarily the reconstruction of a trial, Mr. Traver has kept it mobile and interesting. The first person singular of the narrative is rich in folksy small-town flavor and reader identification.

Laura Manion was raped by Barney Quill, a hotelkeeper in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan; the rape is avenged by her husband, Lieutenant Manion, who shoots Barney Quill shortly afterwards—such is the crime and its motivation. Paul Biegler, the local lawyer and ex-D.A., defends Lt. Manion on a plea of temporary insanity—defined variously as "dissociative reaction" and "irresistible impulse" by psychiatrists and jurists involved. Biegler had lost his D A.'s office to a younger contender in the last election and hopes that the case might restore his prestige and improve his chances in the coming campaign.

The opportunism of his motives, which includes a badly hurt pride, is quickly submerged, however, in his total emotional commitment to the case. Biegler, who is a lawyer first and last, digs his evidence and plans his defense strategy with so much zeal and competence that there is never any serious doubt about the outcome, but since this is a courtroom story the verdict itself is of secondary importance—in fact, almost an anti-climax.

Mr. Traver shrewdly lets the process of law generate its own excitement. There is steadily mounting suspense in the parade of witnesses and in the stratagems of the attorneys, while Paul Biegler's sallies into the private lives of the protagonists add variety and a change of pace. The cross-examinations are skilful, often dramatic; the narrator's running commentary on the procedures of a criminal trial contributes to a rounded picture—even if it tends also to stack the probabilities unduly. The legal exploration of rape, muted in Latinism, serves nicely to fill the atavistic needs of the onlooker.

The limitations of the "Anatomy" are those implicit in the title itself. The subject is treated clinically, not for pathology of the soul. Mr. Traver doesn't pretend to be curious about the inner lives of his people, except where certain of their actions impinge on the evidence in hand; and even those are set down at their face value, without a second glance. He lavishes much care on the architecture of his trial, but stays away from its subtler human material. The result is neat and readily recognizable, a novel that ought to endear itself to devotees of courtroom lore.

Faculty Fable

"Purely Academic," by Stringfellow Barr *(Simon & Schuster. 304 pp. $3.95), is a novel about life on a university campus and a diplomatic historian who finds temporary refuge in the "foundation racket."*

By Milton Crane

A FEW days before the review copy of Stringfellow Barr's "Purely Academic" reached me, I received a fourteen-page questionnaire from a professor at an Eastern university who is circularizing ex-professors to learn why they left their profession. Professor Barr's satirical novel is a long, comic, and caustic response to that questionnaire.

Like his recent predecessors who have harrowed the same field—Mary McCarthy ("The Groves of Academe") and Randall Jarrell ("Pictures from an Insitution"), and their English cousin Kingsley Amis ("Lucky Jim")—Professor Barr is concerned primarily with the comic vices that grow like weeds on the campus: vanity, false gentility, inadequately dissembled poverty coupled with greed, jealousy, and every degree of ambition. His hero, Henry Schneider, chairman of the Department of History and an intelligent and distinguished diplomatic historian (his creator quite properly wonders why such specialists are often the most undiplomatic of men), finds himself *nel mezzo del cammin di sua vita*, a frustrated, ill, henpecked drudge, trapped by an unspeakably though not unbelievably low salary, a shrewish wife, noisy children, and all the irritations that flourish in the classroom and the faculty meeting. The president of the university is about to escape to the presidency of the state's A. & M.; his successor, already known though not yet designated, is the smooth, worldly chairman of the Department of Economics, an academic politician such as F. M. Cornford long ago character-

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SHAKESPEAREAN INTROSPECTION

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to identify the ten characters in Shakespeare's plays who evaluate themselves in the following quotations. Answers on page 24.

1. "I am more an antique Roman than a Dane."
2. "Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance."
3. "I am a very foolish fond old man."
4. "I to myself am dearer than a friend."
5. "But I am constant as the northern star,
   Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
   There is no fellow in the firmament."
6. "I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in everything illegitimate."
7. "I am misanthropos, and hate mankind."
8. "I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men."
9. "Though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied that I am a plain-dealing villain."
10. "I am rough, and woo not like a babe."

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—Wilson.

Stringfellow Barr—". . . comic vices."

ized for all time in his "Microcosmographia Academica."

Into Schneider's prairie Athens drops Denby, director of the Winthrop Foundation, and therefore uniquely qualified to serve as a *deus ex machina* in this academic Punch-and-Judy show. Recognizing in Schneider a man whose wit, good sense, and cynicism about the academic groves deserve a better fate, Denby finally extracts him from his predicament and sets him up as a fellow-philanthropoid in the Winthrop Foundation, warning him that he will find little to distinguish the "foundation racket" from the "university racket." Except, of course, money. There is a hint, which neither of the principals nor Professor Barr seems to take very seriously, that Schneider may accomplish something as a foundation man and/or return refreshed to teaching after this new tour of duty.

Professor Barr has tricked out his fable of Schneider's revenge and rehabilitation with much corroborative detail, showing how the turned worm becomes master in his house, a power on the campus, and an amorous adventurer. All this is, to say the least, somewhat contrived, though essential to the resolution of the comic action, and one hardly begrudges Schneider his belated triumphs.

"Purely Academic" is a satire and therefore by definition an exaggeration. Nevertheless, it represents the views of a man who has spent some thirty-five years as a professor and college president. When Professor Barr can paint so grimly comic a picture of the academic life—and one which, in certain particulars at least, is supported by other evidence—he both expresses and explains the concern of many Americans about the low state and depressing future of the teaching profession.

NAVAL CONNIPTIONS: "A warm body," says Navy Lt. Donald R. Morris, "is a man with at least one arm and two fingers who can pick up something when he is told to . . . Normally they are of little value to a ship. In a shipyard they come into their own." Appropriately enough, much of **"Warm Bodies"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50) transpires in a Norfolk shipyard, where the LST on which the narrator is executive officer is berthed for its periodic overhaul. Apparently more can happen in these drab precincts than the replacement of worn nautical equipment. While superintending his warm bodies, the narrator chaperones a pet goat, schedules shipboard movies (it's always "Gunga Din"), stands watch for married officers (known as "brown baggers" because of their overnight luggage), and becomes engaged to a redhaired lady reporter from Little Hominy, N. C. All of this and a couple of training voyages are written up by the author with a Private Hargrovish flair for naval eccentricities. Lt. Morris has a nice talent for interweaving stock jokes and stock characters with an almost infectuous appreciation for Navy life.

—Martin Levin.

PERILOUS VOYAGE: Alistair MacLean's latest novel **"South by Java Head"** (Doubleday, $3.95) opens on the eve of the fall of Singapore in February 1942, one of the darkest moments in British colonial history. The last two ships to leave before the victorious Japanese vault from the Malay peninsula to Singapore island are the *Kerry Dancer,* a disreputable inter-island steamer, and the British tanker *Viroma* with millions of gallons of invaluable oil aboard. The *Kerry Dancer,* bearing a ragged assortment of wounded British soldiers, a detachment of Eurasian and Malayan nurses, several mystery men and a retired English brigadier-general, as well as a small English boy, staggers first into a murderous Japanese aerial attack and then a typhoon. The *Viroma,* under the able mastership of an old sea dog, Captain Findhorn, and his miraculous mate, John Nicolson, turns about to the rescue. And it is fortunate for the whole allied war effort in Southeast Asia that she does, for there is among the tattered crew of survivors an immensely important secret. This secret borne by General Farnholme earns the unremitting attention of the Japanese air force and navy. Tracked and attacked, the *Viroma* finally goes down, but the hardy core of adventurers led by John Nicolson presses on by sea and by land, from one spectacular escape to the next, breeding mystery, death, and—oh, yes—love as it goes.

Since Mr. MacLean's novel is unblushingly an action story, it would be caddish to divulge more of the perils encountered by this intrepid collection of seamen, soldiers, nurses, spies, and intelligence officers, foreign and domestic. It is sufficient to say that the aficionados of action will be fully satisfied. A variation is the introduction of Gudrun Drachman, the Eurasian nurse, beautiful, of course, but bearing the mark of Japanese savagery on her body.

—Daniel B. Dodson.

George Gordon of Gight

By John Ciardi

MORTMAIN, the Devil's hook, black-flaking,
Reached out for Byron, not for final taking
But in an introductory way, for shaking.

"How do you do?" and "Pray be not alarmed."
That sort of thing. "What poet was ever harmed
By coming on a theme?" His smile disarmed
All second thought. And Byron: "Sir, I'm charmed."

Well, so he had his theme. Book after book
He piled up every prop that rhymed with hook.
Nothing he rhymed was quite the hook he took

There on that hilltop of the dead of night.
"Byron," he signed. A silly oversight:
The Devil had said, "George Gordon, Sir? Of Gight?"

Maybe at Missolonghi as the air
Fogged out its last, its tremor sketched a pair
Of fine dark fellows, very debonair,
Who met at night and shook hands for a dare,
At which one cried, "There, Mother! Damn you! There!"

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He Tended Liberty's Spring

"Master Roger Williams," by Ola Elizabeth Winslow *(Macmillan. 328 pp. $6), is the biography of the founder of Rhode Island, a man whose life history previous biographers have frequently shaped to suit prevailing fashions of the times. Edmund S. Morgan, of Yale University's Department of History, reviews it here.*

By Edmund S. Morgan

THE life of Roger Williams, who occupies an unquestioned and unquestionable place in the gallery of American heroes, poses a challenge to the biographer. He lived a long and eventful life, yet only a handful of facts are certainly known about some of the most important years of it. His greatness lay in his ideas, yet his own statement of those ideas was so prolix and at the same time so obscure that few people today can bear to read them.

It is not surprising that biographers of such a man disagree and that they have been able to shape him to suit prevailing fashions and to enlist his authority in their favorite causes. In one publication of the 1930s he was an ardent advocate of free enterprise; in another it was apparent that he would have favored the New Deal. Now Ola Winslow has written a book that evokes the man himself in a way that no other biographer has quite approached.

A few people may find Miss Winslow's "Master Roger Williams" an exasperating book. Although she admits that the key to Roger Williams lies in his thought, she does not really examine his ideas in any detail. She devotes roughly the first quarter of her book to his years before he reached America, though all the known facts of those years could be put in a single paragraph.

Similarly she treats expulsion from Massachusetts with a minimum of attention to the issues. This was easily the most dramatic experience in Williams's life, one on which other biographers have dwelt lovingly, because they have found in it the opportunity to portray their hero as a champion of democratic freedom against the tyrannical bigots of the Bay Colony. Miss Winslow seems almost embarrassed by the event and obviously considered Williams's intransigence as in some measure the product of immaturity. But Miss Winslow is, of course, right. Roger Williams's quarrel with Massachusetts was largely the result of his demand that the churches of that colony be more narrowly exclusive than they were. At this time he was every bit as bigoted as his opponents and perhaps more so.

Only after reaching Rhode Island did Roger Williams achieve his full stature, and it is the Rhode Island Williams that Miss Winslow gives us. The measure of his greatness, as she takes it, lay not so much in his convictions or in the courage with which he held them, as in his willingness to let others hold different ones. That willingness he had not yet reached in Massachusetts. In Rhode Island he attained it, and the remainder of the book, which is the major part, unfolds his dedication to it in the events of nearly fifty years, especially in his role as mediator of the quarrels between English and Indians and between different factions of Rhode Islanders, most of them as intransigent as he himself had once been. From the concrete details of daily life the biographer extracts the picture of a man whose sympathies encompassed all men.

Miss Winslow is at her best in reading between the lines of such a book as Williams's "Key Into the Language of America," where she draws, partly from the phrases selected for translation, a lively picture of Williams going about among the Indians, preaching to them, eating, sleeping, trading with them—and understanding them.

THERE is no attempt in this biography to minimize Williams's shortcomings: his efforts to sustain an outmoded feudal conception of property or the self-righteous tenacity "with which he all but hugged his sense of unjust treatment." But there gradually emerges a man who is recognizably great. And in spite of the fact that the reader learns little about Puritanism or about the specific ideas which Williams himself thought important, one gains a vivid sense of the one quality for which he deserves to be remembered—a quality best expressed in the words of a monument erected in 1721 on the site of a spring near the spot where he first landed in Providence. The words on the inscription: "Liberty is reserved for the inhabitants to fetch water at this spring forever."

—Bettmann.

"Landing of Roger Williams"—"he achieved full stature."

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The Living Legend

***"Mr. Baruch: The Man, the Myth, the Eighty Years," by Margaret L. Coit** (Houghton Mifflin. 748 pp. $7.50), is a full-length study of the man often called "adviser to Presidents."*

By Raymond Walters, Jr.

IT IS exaggerating only a little to say that every American knows of Bernard Mannes Baruch. For more than forty years his name and his impressive image, photographed amid the leading men of affairs and the beautiful women of the day, have kept popping up in the press. During World War II pictures of him in his "office," a bench in Lafayette Park across the street from the White House, where, we were told, he was conducting his long-established business of "adviser to Presidents," was a newspaper staple. Last August, on his eighty-seventh birthday, he published "Baruch: His Own Story," an anecdotal account of his years before the First World War, when he was "making his potatoes" in a Wall Street that resembled the Spanish Main. For the last four months it has occupied the heights of the nonfiction best-seller list. Now, another work about him—a stout volume called "Mr. Baruch: The Man, the Myth, the Eighty Years," by Margaret L. Coit, the Pulitzer Prize-winning biographer of John C. Calhoun—is being distributed to the membership of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

There are those of us who have wondered, over the years, precisely what Mr. Baruch has done to merit the accolade of "living great man" so frequently tendered him. The sixth word in the title of Miss Coit's work suggests that she has some light to shed on the question, and so do the circumstances under which her book was written and published. Miss Coit undertook the project at Mr. Baruch's suggestion and with full access to his large collection of papers, including a "typed manuscript in the first person which covers his earlier life." But when, after more than five years of labor, she showed Mr. Baruch her first draft, "Mr. Baruch closed his papers to [her], and withheld permission to quote from his unpublished writings, including his letters and his memoir." He thereupon put his own version of his potato-making years in the bookstores four months before Miss Coit could get her own account of his whole life there.

Despite Mr. Baruch's misgivings, Miss Coit's book is a judicious, friendly study of what is beyond question a twentieth-century American phenomenon. And within its 280,000 words of text and 40,000 words of documentation lie answers to that conundrum, the myth of Bernard Baruch. His childhood and youth contain many Horatio Alger elements: the bright boy born into a proud but impecunious physician's family in a South Carolina still bleeding from the Civil War; the tall, gawky, earnest young man put through the City College of New York with the help of his devoted mother, undaunted by the slights and cruelties meted out to him because he was Jewish; the ambitious shoe-string trader in Wall Street. In the Street he revealed a caution that was to become characteristic, an unwillingness to make the most of the opportunities open to him. But though he never reached the top echelon among Wall Street buccaneers, he did succeed in piling up a fortune large enough to permit him to devote much of the rest of his life to pursuits more socially useful.

Baruch's period of greatest public service came during the ten months he served the Wilson Administration as chairman of the War Industries Board, a position in which he held close rein on the country's industry. His work in mobilizing the nation's economic forces for war was pathbreaking, and inevitably came to be studied in every subsequent emergency. But when President Wilson offered Baruch a chance to continue in the national service as Secretary of the Treasury, he again characteristically shrank from it. A workaday job, with responsibilities, demanded qualities alien to his nature.

Baruch's association with subsequent Presidents was far more casual. "That Baruch gave 'advice' to Harding was far more myth than fact," writes Miss Coit. His service to the Coolidge Administration was chiefly as a member of the United States Commission for the two-hundredth celebration of Washington's birthday. Hoover asked him to the White House from time to time to "get the Democratic point of view"—or to head off Democratic sniping, as *Business Week* put it. During the Roosevelt Administration Baruch appears to have had greater influence with Mrs. Roosevelt than with the President himself. He was around the White House often, but members of the New Deal inner circle differ as to the extent and nature of his contribution. "Old Bernie," the President sometimes grumbled, "anything good he says he did and anything bad is because I didn't take his advice." "Baruch might have had intimacy with Franklin Roosevelt," Miss Coit observes, "had it not been for Roosevelt's wary distrust of a man who in some ways was so much like himself." Truman accepted some of his suggestions at the start of his Administration, but later spurned his proffers of help. On such nebulous incidents does the legend of the "adviser to Presidents" rest.

—Bettmann Archive.

Baruch—"'Old Bernie' to FDR."

"During the Forties," Miss Coit writes, "the public press gushed forth fountains of almost cloying hero-worship of Baruch, for which the Elder Statesman, despite his disclaimers, cannot be wholly irresponsible." He carefully cultivated the titans of journalism and employed shrewd authorities on public opinion, Herbert Bayard Swope and Samuel Lubbell among others, to help him present an impressive look to the world. As he grew older, his tall, imposing figure was topped by a crown of white, making him resemble everyone's ideal grandfather, the wise man whom one

(*Continued on page* 28)

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A Citizenship of Space?

Editor's Note: *The following guest-editorial is by James Avery Joyce, English lawyer and lecturer, author of "Revolution on the East River," "World in the Making," and many other books.*

In a recent *Saturday Review* editorial, "Who Owns the Moon?" (*SR* Dec. 7), the speculation was raised that whatever nation first reaches the Moon with a manned space-ship equipped to establish a permanent station (or stations) may possibly claim the subplanet as its national territory. Even leaving the Moon out of the discussion, we can easily see that the now-imminent Age of Space opens up the most complex, unprecedented issues of law. For example, once Great Power A's satellite can be equipped with military apparatus that makes it a possible weapon —and this development cannot now be far out of the Russians' reach—what are the rights of Great Power B when this satellite (or space-ship) is hovering over B's territory? Will it have the legal right to object and/or shoot it down?

It is not very satisfactory to try to find the answer to this query somewhere in the already-existing corpus of "air law." Even though in the 1919 Paris Convention for Aerial Navigation the contracting parties agreed to allow "innocent passage" of each other's civil aircraft over their respective territories, this concession perished long before the famous 1944 Chicago Air Convention laid down the present basic law in the plainest language: "Every state has complete and exclusive sovereignty over the air space above its territory." The Chicago Convention, by the way, has been ratified by all seventy-two members of the International Civil Aviation Organization. (Russia is not among the signatories, but so far has generally respected its provisions.)

Of course, the Chicago Convention did not envisage an object located nearly 1,000 miles above the surface of the earth, racing across frontiers and oceans at the rate of 18,000 miles-per-hour. Nor did it anticipate what is perhaps an even more serious thing: that if state sovereignty is imagined as projected somehow beyond the air zone, the state in question would not have the same "space" above it for more than a few instants of time, because the whole planet itself is rushing through space at thousands or millions of miles per hour. In other words, the "space" above a given sovereign point on the earth's surface is swiftly changing all the time. How on earth, then, can any terrestrial power claim legal rights over this succession of spaces?

There has been recently a good deal of authoritative talk about the need for a new legal order to cope with this new dimension which has come so startlingly into man's affairs. A few days ago, on a television program, Mr. Andrew P. Haley, counsel of the American Rocket Society and president of the International Astronautical Federation, informed us that he has written to the heads of state demanding an immediate international conference on the matter of space-law; otherwise, Mr. Haley predicts, we'll have "the law of the jungle." And on the same day, in New York, Sir Leslie Munro of New Zealand, president of the General Assembly, told an interviewer that he thought the U.N. would have to deal with the question of control of outer space before the 1958 session next September. Now let us consider a few general principles which would seem to be essential for a sound formulation.

First, it seems a matter of common sense that state sovereignty should stop at some definite point, say, twenty miles from the earth's surface, or even fifty miles, as an outside limit. Beyond that point, the "freedom of outer space" should prevail by international agreement. Thus, existing air law will continue to operate during the initial and final stages of the launching and landing of spacecraft, but the new legal code would apply to the rest of the journey. The space code would have to include provisions governing all relationships, personal and otherwise, within the spacecraft and between the spacecraft and the outside "world."

This would plainly indicate some sort of United Nations "sovereignty" being conferred on *all* spacecraft or other objects projected into outer space. A fascinating prospect is opened up of the U.N. as a source of universal sovereign rights and as public trustee for the human race.

In time, U.N. sovereignty would not be confined to the space problem. Already similar principles are being seriously considered by eminent authorities in many countries in regard to possible U.N. sovereignty over the polar ice-caps, as well as the high seas. In 1955 a group of British MP's proposed the setting up, in the latter case, of an international regime, under U.N. control, to be known as "Neptuno." A French scholar, Guy Marchand, has since made the interesting suggestion that all space travel should be put under the control of the U.N. and "space" itself renamed (in English) "UNETHER."

Finally, let it be remarked that, since it is clear that spaceships will spend many months or years away from the earth, human affairs would not stand still on board. The lawyers would have, therefore, to bear in mind that branches of the law dealing with crimes, contracts, business, and domestic relations (such as drawing up a will) would have to come into the total picture. Such laws would not be subject to the jurisdiction of any earthly government, but to U.N. jurisdiction over space. The speculation might reasonably be raised as to what nationality a human child born on a spaceship would be? Should its legal status be *anything less* than that of a world citizen?

—James Avery Joyce.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

AUTHOR APPALLED

MAY I CORRECT three gross errors made by Professor John A. Garraty in his review (*SR* Oct. 26) of my book, "Dreamers of the American Dream," as follows: The Octagonal House Man was not, as Garraty has it, an "Anson Fowler," but Orson Squire Fowler; the Oregon feminist was not a "Mrs. Scott," but Abigail Scott Duniway; and the destroyer of saloons was not "Carrie Nation," but Carry Nation. In a review in your magazine they might well give prospective readers an appalling idea of my book.

STEWART H. HOLBROOK.

Portland, Ore.

SUTTON CRITICIZED

"PARADISE LOST" by Horace Sutton, precedes his "Cyprus Notebook." The first is a nostalgic travelogue but the second is misleading propaganda. Proving what?

1—That the natives of Cyprus are not Greek?
2—That the islanders have been constantly under the heel of various invaders?
3—That it is abnormal for a people trying to free themselves of an occupation force to have disorders and killings? (The Stern gang and Haganah were no different from EOKA and many uninformed editors printed matter similar to the "Cyprus Notebook.")

The second paragraph of the Notebook I feel must be answered in detail. H.S. says and I quote—"In 1914 Britain offered Cyprus outright to Greece in return for Greek support against Bulgaria and Germany. Greece refused. Britain formally annexed the island that year." The facts are these: Greece at that time was ruled by King Constantine, a Dane and a Germanophile whose wife was Sophia, a sister of the Kaiser. Following Constantine's refusal to join the Allies, a revolution took place in Greece which deposed the king and installed a democratic government under Venizelos. Greece then entered the war against Germany, Bulgaria, and Turkey. Bulgaria was the first of the Central Powers to be defeated and surrendered to Greece. This was the beginning of the end of World War I. Why did England not return Cyprus then?

Fragmentary facts without presenting the whole picture is skilful, one-sided propaganda. Taking Mr. Sutton's title "Paradise Lost," lost indeed—to the Greeks.

JOHN VASSOS.

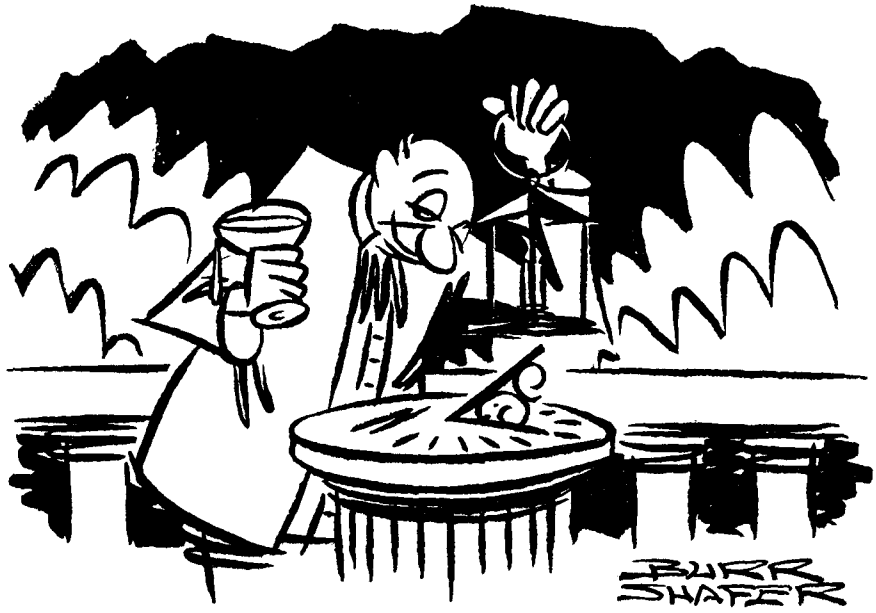
Norwalk, Conn.

NEW BELIEF?

I AGREE, "Science Will Not Save Us" (*SR* Dec. 14). Religion has not saved us. And a hot-and-cold running battle between democratic and Communistic governments cannot save us. There needs to be a new religion, or universal belief that man can be good for goodness's sake.

JIM NEWTON.

Hamilton, Ohio.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

WOMEN—GET READY

EVERY DAY I'M becoming more nostalgic about that oldtime religion whose Book tells us man shall inherit the Earth. It doesn't say anything about man inheriting or inhabiting the Moon and, even though you didn't ask me, I believe he is doomed to failure in trying to occupy it. Should man fail in his attempt to reach the Moon, who would be blamed? Messrs. Wylie and Gallico will tell them. In the event the Moon project is a success, their books, with only slight alterations, will still go to press, as people will want to know what on earth man is trying to escape from. Messrs. Wylie and Gallico will tell them that, too. Women will take it on the chin—either way.

RUTH MARTINSON.

Anoka, Minn.

OUTDOORS AGAIN

IN HIS DEBATE with me on outdoor advertising (*SR* Nov. 9) Senator Neuberger says: "Although the signboard operators raised the cry of 'state's rights' to defeat my bill in the U.S. Senate, there is no record of the industry ever having supported effective regulation or control in any of the forty-eight states."

For the Senator's enlightenment, his own State of Oregon in 1955 enacted regulatory legislation which was sponsored by the outdoor advertising industry of Oregon. California since 1933 has had comprehensive and effective legislation enacted with the cooperation and support of the outdoor advertising industry of that state. New Mexico and New Jersey are among other states in which the outdoor advertising interests have sponsored regulatory legislation.

With his sweeping condemnation of outdoor advertising Senator Neuberger chooses to ignore the issue of property rights or the economics involved. The Senator makes much of the fact that other advertising media, such as newspapers, magazines, radio, and TV, risk heavy initial investments, but conveniently forgets that the outdoor advertising operator also has substantial investments in land he owns or leases for advertising purposes, as well as thousands of modern urban structures amounting in all to several hundreds of millions of dollars.

Concerning the Senator's highly emotional outburst at the conclusion of his article we make this observation: Believe it or not, Senator, we of the outdoor advertising industry are not responsible for wiping out the bison, slaughtering the passenger pigeons, shooting the elk and caribou, or polluting our rivers.

HARLEY B. MARKHAM,
Chairman of the Board,
Outdoor Advertising Association of America, Inc.

Chicago, Ill.

FREE BEER SIGNS

KEEP THE EYEWASH flowing, Mr. Markham, it helps me see the beer signs.

BETH GREENLEE.

Cleveland, O.

CRASS COMMERCE

I WISH THE BILLBOARD industry would erect their signs only where they cannot be seen at all. My argument is simple: I do not like these monstrous monuments to our crass commercial culture all over the landscape.

WALTER GERSTEL.

Berkeley, Calif.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

. . . and a Happy New Year

AT THE end of a year that, filmically speaking, seemed to be devoted almost exclusively to rock 'n' roll horrors and interplanetary monsters, it comes as a pleasant surprise to discover on balancing the books that the number of truly praiseworthy pictures has been high indeed. Perhaps the "exploitation pictures," those noisy firecrackers of the entertainment industry, simply managed to attract the most attention as they grind their way through the nation's houses. Certainly, several of the titles on *SR*'s annual ten best list this time failed to win a fraction of the box-office support that rewarded such catchpenny items as "Mr. Rock and Roll" or "I Was a Teen-Age Werewolf." In terms of lasting pleasure (and probable survival value), however, *SR*'s movie critics nominate, in the order of their release, the following:

FUNNY FACE: The year's best musical, despite a weakish story. It was made so by its happy combination of stars—Fred Astaire, Audrey Hepburn, and Kay Thompson—and the equally felicitous behind-the-camera collaboration of director Stanley Donen and photographer Richard Avedon. Their advanced ideas on color and lighting have already influenced the style of numerous more recent productions.

TWELVE ANGRY MEN: Brilliantly directed by Sidney Lumet and featuring some of the finest ensemble playing ever presented on the screen, this film managed to vault most of the hazards inherent in single-set stories to underscore the virtues of our jury system and the moral responsibilities of citizens under it.

THE PRINCE AND THE SHOWGIRL: Sir Laurence Olivier directed this delectable, handsomely-mounted comedy of Edwardian manners with a keen appreciation of the comic flair of his unlikely co-star, Marilyn Monroe. Superb casting throughout and Terence Rattigan's witty lines kept it bubbling like a fine champagne.

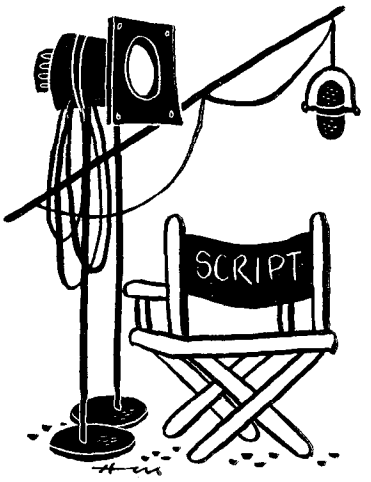
A HATFUL OF RAIN: Fred Zinnemann's semi-documentary approach, with its insistence on harsh, unprettified New York exteriors, gave this overtalkative drama enormous vitality and a painful sense of truth. The performances of Anthony Franciosa and Eva Marie Saint as the brother and wife of a drug addict were easily among the best of the year.

A MAN ESCAPED: The year's most notable import, this deeply moving, relentlessly uncompromising film detailed the hopes, the agonies, the suspicions of a French underground fighter held in solitary confinement by the Gestapo in a Kafka-like castle. Based on an actual incident, director (and adaptor) Robert Bresson transformed it from a simple prison-break melodrama into an eloquent, compassionate testament to the human spirit.

CABIRIA: In quite another way Italy's Federico Fellini took a theme that might easily have been exploited for cheap and meretricious sex—the life of a Roman prostitute and the men she encounters—and through his tender insight and poetic touch elevated it almost to the point of a religious experience. Giulietta Masina, the star of Fellini's earlier "La Strada," contributed another unforgettable portrait as the tough, *gamine*-like streetwalker who finds her soul.

OPERATION MAD BALL: Far and away the best comedy of the year. There have been innumerable attempts to kid the Armed Services before, but this one is distinguished by deft handling, genuinely hilarious situations—the first hint of real "screw-ball" comedy since the start of World War II—and roaringly funny performances by Ernie Kovacs, Jack Lemmon, and Mickey Rooney in about that order.

SAYONARA: A sincere and moving indictment of racism, particularly as practiced by our Armed Forces in Japan. No small part of its excellence lies in the fact that, rather than making a frontal assault, the film makers have quietly underscored the virtues of Japanese culture by sketching in charming scenes of traditional home life and arts. Technicolor, Technirama, and a sensitive musical score notably enhanced the film's sensual appeal.



THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI: A spectacular film that works earnestly and effectively to get across its basic message that war is madness. Despite the size of his theme, his settings, and his cast, director David Lean has never lost sight of the fact that interesting people caught up in significant action make the best kind of movie. Pierre Boulle's novel supplied the action; Alec Guinness and Sessue Hayakawa are outstanding in an impressively expert cast.

PATHS OF GLORY: Another anti-war film, this one adhering closely to Humphrey Cobb's intense and bitter novel of three Frenchmen chosen at random to be court-martialed and executed as an example to the troops of the price of "cowardice." Young Stanley Kubrick, working with a lack of compromise that might well astonish many an older hand, blasts the military mind while emphasizing the essential humanity of man.

ANY listing of ten best must automatically—and unhappily—preclude those other worthy efforts that, for one reason or another, have not quite reached the top but nonetheless contributed importantly to the interest and vitality of the year's programming. Among these for 1957 would be such courageously off-beat pictures as "The Great Man," "Edge of the City," "The Sweet Smell of Success," "Time Limit" and "The Young Stranger." To "Funny Face" might be added such superior musicals as "Les Girls" and "The Pajama Game." There were also several excellent documentaries in a wide variety of styles—"Albert Schweitzer," "Torero," "On the Bowery," "The James Dean Story." From abroad came films like "Four Bags Full," "Gervaise," "Gold of Naples," and two by the young Greek director Michael Cacoyannis, "Stella" and "The Girl in Black." Best of all, in movies like "Peyton Place" and "No Down Payment," "Three Faces of Eve" and "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" (all Fox films, incidentally), there seemed to be a genuine attempt to introduce new personalities in stories that depended more on characterization than glamour. All in all, 1957 was not half bad—and filled with the promise of an even happier new year to come. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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The Trombone Game

"The Music Man" is a pleasant musical comedy of no great distinction. Its story, by Meredith Willson and Franklin Lacey, is the familiar one of a con man who could have vamoosed with the swag, but who returned to face the music when his heart was touched. The color is supplied by placing the events in a small Iowa town, 1913 vintage. And much of the humor consists of spoofing Midwest artsy-craftsiness in the manner of George Kelly's "The Torchbearers."

No moment in the proceedings is as technically inventive as its opening in which a group of traveling salesmen discuss the changing American business structure to the bouncy rhythm of the Rock Island train. After that scene the ball is quickly handed to Robert Preston, who is making his musical-comedy debut. Mr. Preston is cast as a salesman who sells band instruments to a town and then beats it before they find out he cannot teach them how to play. Fortunately for "The Music Man," Mr. Preston has the captivating irrepressibility of a fun-loving child. His first romp, in which he whips up the townsfolk about the perils of a new pooltable, wins us to him immediately. Other aspects of the show amuse us and have a pleasing competency, but only when Mr. Preston is capering does it seem something special.

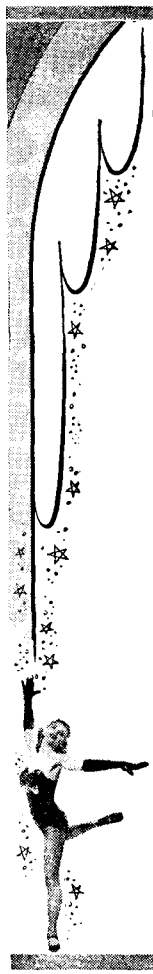
Two things distinguish this performer. He is superbly relaxed within his own personality. (Indeed, his only false moment comes when he lets himself sing the final love song too correctly.) And he has the refreshing quality of recognizing the obligation for pulling himself up to fully realized performance. Whatever is required, he rolls up his sleeves and goes to work.

The rest of the cast have less dynamic roles. Barbara Cook, as the librarian who falls in love with the man she alone knows to be a swindler, sings beautifully. David Burns as a steamed-up mayor is a good foil to Mr. Preston, and manages to make the words "Shropshire sheep" sound enormously funny. As his wife, Helen Raymond is appropriately bizarre, although she overdoes the comedy a bit. And young Eddie Hodges is appealing as a troubled child. Yet most of the time they are handicapped by a book which is little more than a continuing delaying action.

Mr. Willson's songs are pretty and with an old-fashioned ring; Onna White's dance numbers are robust and pertinent, so that one is *entertained*. The simple ballad, "Goodnight My Someone," should be a popular favorite, and with "Gary, Indiana" "The Music Man" adds one more to the list of American cities immortalized in song. Furthermore, Mr. Willson displays his technical skill by blending the simultaneous rendition of two songs of different rhythms. However, the music fails to express much personal feeling of the composer for his material. In one number, titled "The Sadder-But-Wiser Girl," Mr. Willson seems to be embarking on some character exploration that could pay dividends, but it never succeeds in becoming a clearly defined statement.

MORTON Da Costa's direction is an astute manipulation of his limited assets. One directorial moment to be cherished is the point at which a lecherous anvil-salesman suddenly is offered an amorous opportunity and drops his suitcase with a loud clank. Likewise Howard Bay's sets and Raoul Pene du Bois's costumes help give the show unity. The final scene benefits from the entrance of children in band costumes, and one only wishes that the writers could have really moved us with a second surprise instead of being bound by a cacaphonous realism that is unnecessary in a romantic musical. Indeed, the fault of "The Music Man" is not that it is too old-fashioned, but that it is really not old-fashioned enough.

—HENRY HEWES.



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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Leinsdorf's "Figaro," Labo in "Tosca"

FOR those to whom the "Marriage of Figaro" Erich Leinsdorf conducted at the Metropolitan during a wartime season (he was between army duty and a return to the Cleveland Orchestra) has long been a matter of curiosity as well as hearsay, the current restoration in his charge has past as well as present interest. Available information about that happening in 1944 dwelt on the clarity, power, and design Leinsdorf imparted to the score. They are still present in ample measure, plus a finesse which is doubtless more highly developed now than it was then. A rousing performance of the overture was the key that unlocked an evening of particularly fine orchestral playing.

Provided with a cast that was practically from the top layer of the Metropolitan's top drawer of Mozartian talent—such expert Figarones as Cesare Siepi and George London, Lisa della Casa, Mildred Miller, and Laurel Hurley—Leinsdorf made an uncommonly earfilling sound of the big ensembles in Acts II and III. What was lacking from time to time in surrounding pages, and especially from the friskier first act, was a real sense of participation in the pleasantries as well as the profundities of the score. "Figaro" has both, but the support of Hans Busch's good-humored staging came primarily from the vocalists rather than their Mozartian counterparts in the orchestra. "Figaro," however, is the kind of operatic experience which can be all things to all men; let us be grateful it is the kind of vibrantly alive thing it is to Leinsdorf.

In addition to the familiar personnel (all in excellent voice, especially Miss Miller, who is sounding again as she did when her Cherubino earned such praise several years ago), the cast provided Norman Kelley for the first time as Don Basilio, and Regina Resnik as Marcellina. Kelley is an able, intelligent artist who should do well in such buffo tenor parts, especially if he learns to talk more on the tone and produce less vocal "quality." Miss Resnik has much more artistry than the average performer of such character parts, and her new sound as a mezzo is altogether agreeable. Justice should include commendation for Fernando Corena's well rounded Bartolo, as well as for Lorenzo Alvary's Antonio, the noblest gardener of them all.

When the readiest reason for praise at the Metropolitan Opera House is dancing, one of two things must have happened: either the Royal Ballet has returned for an unscheduled engagement, or the singing is parlously below par. As the Royal Ballet was opening in Chicago when "Orfeo" was being given at the Metropolitan, it is a regretful intrusion on the season of good will to note that Alicia Markova's participation redeemed an occasion marked by the tremulous performance of the leading role by Rise Stevens and an undistinguished Amore by Emilia Cundari. Only Hilde Gueden as Eurydice approached the standard of voice expected in Gluck, or the standard of artistry provided by Miss Markova in the scene of the Elysian Fields (well-choreographed by Zachary Solov).

Here, too, Max Rudolf's direction of the orchestral score proceeded with a surety and mood it had lacked

Matins

By Barriss Mills

THE German women in the corner cabin
are so in love with their own voices
they unleash them each morning
for a five o'clock ramble in the corridor.
What they find to talk about so loud
and long when the rest of us would like
to go on sleeping, I don't know.
I haven't enough conversational Deutsch
and anyway it would be difficult
to unravel dialog filtered through doors,
the ship's noises, and the feet
of their children running in the hallway
(whom they love, too, and unleash
to trample the remnants of sleep
in the rest of us). Whatever it is,
it can't wait till we're out of bed
and there's some prospect of breakfast
within a decent interval. No,
it must be said now, vociferously
and publicly, and our ears pressed
willy-nilly into service to provide
the audience women with such voices
and the urge to use them at such hours
feel they have the right to command.

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previously. Much of Act I was not so much slow in pace as it was lacking in rhythmic tension and breadth of feeling. Miss Stevens's conception of the grieving Orfeo is sound enough, her presence, as ever, convincing. But the labor she expends on getting her tones out leaves little leeway for legato, well-formed sound, or the other prerequisites of a suitable classic style. Such uncertainty can hardly fail to affect the whole spirit of a venture in which dignity, repose, and technical command are of the essence. For reasons known best to himself, Rudolf provided, in place of the usual "Ombra Felice" (Happy Shade), "Ombri Felici" sung by Mildred Allen and Helen Vanni. Dividing the music doubled shadeness rather than felicity.

The indifferent quality of vocalism being tendered New Yorkers at this point of the Metropolitan season was further emphasized by a "Tosca" in which Flaviano Labo sang Cavaradossi, Zinka Milanov Tosca. Labo has the power to ring non-extant rafters in Act II, but not much of the suavity or lyric sound wanted in Acts I and III. An earnest performer, he is also cruder than a Metropolitan "Tosca" connotes. Milanov has the notes more securely in her voice than when she started singing the part two seasons ago, but her flopping and flailing border on caricature. Altogether, it was Leonard Warren's powerfully sonorous Scarpia that gave the performance artistic stability. Dimitri Mitropoulos had a good night with the orchestra. —IRVING KOLODIN.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 758

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 758 will be found in the next issue.

QRIY GRRVQ FSY KR

GY KFQKYE, RKWYSQ

KR GY QOFUUROYE,

FTE QRIY XYO KR GY

ZWYOYE FTE ECDYQKYE.

—GFZRT.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 757

Good conscience is sometimes sold for money, but never bought with it.

—AUGHEY.

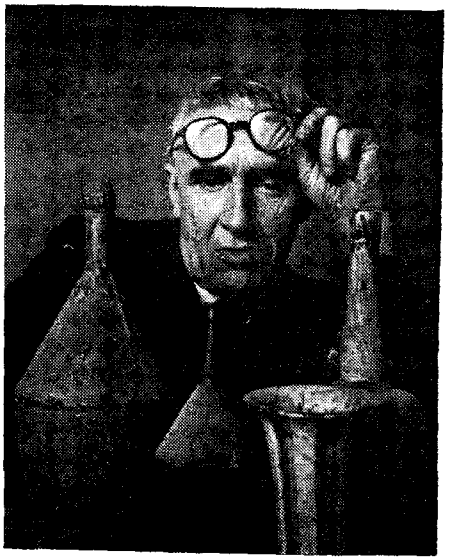
THE FINE ARTS

Giorgio Morandi

IN THE spring of 1948, when my colleague Alfred Barr and I went to Italy to assemble the Museum of Modern Art's exhibition, "Twentieth-Century Italian Art," we left New York with long lists of the contemporary Italian painters and sculptors most esteemed by critics, collectors, and museum curators here and abroad. There was an inescapable discrepancy between the lists sent us from Italy and those prepared elsewhere: on the former, the name of Giorgio Morandi was invariably given a leading place; on the latter, he was not mentioned often and then with qualified approval.

I remember that at the time Barr and I thought the Italians far too enthusiastic about the virtues of Morandi's art, which consisted almost exclusively of still lifes of bottles, with an occasional landscape providing the sole variety. Morandi's painting seemed to us repetitious, provincial, and minor by comparison with that of such international figures as Modigliani, Boccioni, and de Chirico. But each evening in Italy, and especially in Milan, where most of the outstanding collections of modern Italian art are concentrated, Barr and I would compare notes on what we had seen during the day. On these notes, pictures by Morandi soon began to turn up with astonishing frequency. Within a week we had to admit that the Italians were more nearly right in their estimate of Morandi's worth than we had been, and in the end our exhibition included a sizable group of his works.

Morandi was and remains fanatically limited in subject matter (but so to much lesser degree were Chardin and even Cézanne). He was and is a mild artist, who throughout his life has seldom left his native Bologna and then only to journey to nearby Italian cities. He is a true painter nonetheless, and if I've long since given up trying to explain his hypnotic charm to those exposed to his art for the first or second time, I think he deserves the two honors that have come to him lately: the first prize for Italian painting at the 1948 *Biennale* in Venice; and the top award for international painting at São Paulo's fourth *Biennal* this past autumn. It takes a long time to appreciate the purity of Morandi's achievement—about as long, I would say, as it takes



—Herbert List—Magnum.

Morandi—". . . a dedicated artist."

to comprehend the transcendental compulsions of Piet Mondrian, his non-representational counterpart in steady devotion to solving the most delicate problems of order and form, though not, in Mondrian's case, of light.

Morandi was born in Bologna in 1890, and today lives with his sisters in an old and rather homely apartment on the Via Fondazza near the center of that city. He was trained as an artist in Bologna's Academy of Fine Arts, where he later returned to teach for a living. In youth he developed a profound admiration for Cézanne, probably through reproductions, since pictures by the great Frenchman seldom reached Italy. And then he came very briefly under the influence of the Futurists, whose clamor was unavoidable in the larger Italian cities. Afterwards (1918-20) he took an oblique and isolated part in the *scuola metafisica,* founded by de Chirico and Carlo Carrà at Ferrara during the First World War. But by temperament Morandi was not suited to revolution, whether of the aggressive (Futurist) or the incantational ("metaphysical") kind. In 1920 he returned to his earlier preoccupations with simple but profoundly considered arrangements of commonplace objects.

To realize fully the dedication of Morandi's career, it is perhaps most of all helpful to see the room in which he works at Bologna. The bottles and other containers which engross him

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are stacked everywhere in fantastic number, and some of them Morandi has ornamented with squares and rectangles which he may or may not transpose in painting his canvases. His taste in these objects runs from expensive vials to gas-station cartons for oil, from Oriental tins of tea to humble, local jugs. No can can predict or explain how and why his final choice of still-life elements is made, but certainly it involves an intense and poetic imaginative process. What this process is, and how it functions, no one is likely to find out from Morandi himself. A large, taciturn man, his modesty is so extreme that often he signs his canvases at their very edge, as though it troubled him to take credit for what he has created. As another instance of his humility, I remember that in 1949, when I asked him the price of a painting he had agreed to sell me, he mentioned a figure so absurdly low that I told him it should be multiplied at least by ten. "No," he replied, "I set these prices twenty years ago, and it makes me nervous to think about changing them." He added quietly: "I've just finished this picture and it has no frame." No frame indeed, for a painting costing less than $50 by an artist of his stature! Remembering the prices paid at the recent Lurcy sale in New York, one squirms to think what pitiful sums modern artists, with exceptions, have gained from the current buying hysteria.

LAST autumn at the World House Galleries Morandi had his second and largest one-man exhibition in New York (the first was held at the Delius Gallery in 1955). As might be expected, the show held no surprises, for Morandi has never been interested in anything but the slow, continuing perfection of a vision long established. It did make clear, I think, that the artist is more at ease with still life than with landscape. It made clear, too, that Morandi for the most part has retained in his late sixties the lyric impulse of his early and middle careers. There were some weak recent pictures in the exhibition, and these were particularly noticeable in that Morandi's purity demands the most subtle balance of emotion and skill, and is compromised by the slightest blurring of concentration on the artist's part.

But the finest works were spellbinding in their intimacy of communion between painter and canvas, between canvas and observer. The spell did not extend to all visitors to the Gallery, and it was fascinating to see that some people rushed past the walls as though they had been gulled, while others stood for a long time before each image. There seemed to be no middle ground of appreciation. I doubt that with Morandi's art there ever will be.

Morandi's color in recent years has become as soft and warming as swansdown, whereas during his early career it was more metallic. His sleight of hand with pale contrasts of tone is both unpredictable and impressive, and his manipulation of whites, grays, reds, violets, and yellows repays our close attention. Indeed, decorators could base a helpful glossary on his example. Except, of course, that his own aim is antidecorative and his color inimitable. The latter claim is proved by the fact that since his gradual and perhaps unwilling rise to international fame his works have been forged. I've seen a few of these forgeries; they are appallingly different from the originals they sought to copy. None has come anywhere near capturing Morandi's sensitivity to texture which applies, as I hope Herbert List's brilliant photograph of the painter will make obvious (see illustration), to the drip of candles, the spill of funnels, the scars of cheap use, and the disintegration of *cloisonné*.

Certainly any forger or disciple would have trouble suggesting the quality of Morandi's control of light. As Lionello Venturi has said in his foreword to the World House exhibition, "Generally, Morandi's light does not exist outside, but only inside the material of the painted objects. They are luminous by their own strength. It appears that they have a subdued phosphorescence . . . Such a color-light, so personal, so created, becomes necessarily spiritual." The word "spiritual" is apropos. With the familiar objects that Morandi shifts about on his canvases he becomes a sort of *jongleur de Nôtre Dame,* transported, skilled, and intent.

It remains to be said that even without his remarkable color, Morandi would still be an estimable figure. His best black-and-white prints establish him as one of the many fine graphic artists of our time.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Horatio in "Hamlet." 2. Autolycus in "The Winter's Tale." 3. "King Lear." 4. Proteus in "Two Gentlemen of Verona." 5. "Julius Caesar." 6. Thersites in "Troilus and Cressida." 7. "Timon of Athens." 8. Sir John Falstaff in "Second Part of Henry IV." 9. Don John in "Much Ado About Nothing." 10. Petruchio in "The Taming of the Shrew."

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Liberty In Our Time

***"Liberal Democracy," by Massimo Salvadori** (Doubleday. 196 pp. $3), offers some new insights into the basic values of political liberty. Our reviewer, Hans Kohn, is professor of history at the City College of New York.*

By Hans Kohn

MASSIMO SALVADORI is in his life and upbringing an epitome of the best liberal traditions of Western Europe. Of half Italian and half British parentage, he was educated in Italy, Switzerland, and Britain, and has lived as a young man in France. From the beginning of his mature life he was a determined opponent of fascism and fought in the war as a British officer in Italy. He has now been for a number of years professor of history at Smith College and during that time he has spent several years in Europe working for UNESCO and NATO. With the same incisiveness with which Mr. Salvadori rejected fascism, he has always opposed its older twin-brother, Communism. His little book "The Rise of Modern Communism" is a masterpiece of concise and lucid statement.

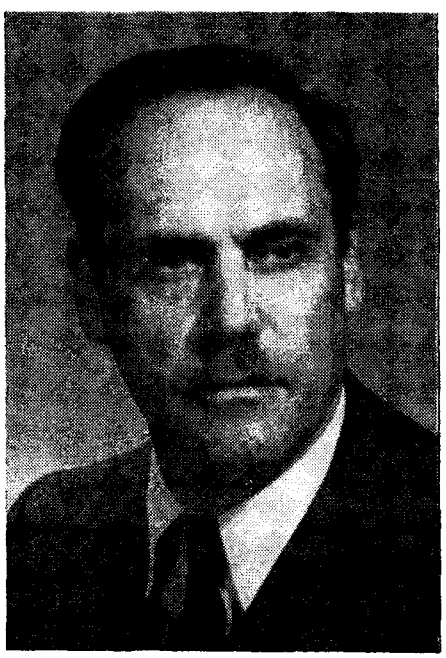
Equally brief and incisive is his newly published "Liberal Democracy," which on less than 200 brief pages redefines the tradition and nature of liberal democracy in the light of recent and present experience. He has written the book, as he states himself, "to affirm a truth which is easily forgotten, that nothing, not peace, not happiness, not prosperity is as important for all men as liberty."

Mr. Salvadori believes that modern Western civilization is a universal civilization destined for all men. But he knows its liberal democracy is something new in human history. Its attempt to awaken mankind from the slumber of traditional authoritarianism has so far reached only narrow limits. "It is difficult," the author writes, "for the Chinese and Russians, for most Spaniards, Dominicans, or Afghans to understand liberty and liberal democracy. In their countries people are accustomed to stress goals and not methods, ends and not means. Goals and ends are [to them] identical with truth. Methods and means which put that truth on the same level as other truths accepted by human beings, which give legitimacy to dissent, heresy, and deviation, simply don't make sense; worse than that, they are evil. Most of mankind has not been touched yet by the intellectual revolution against dogmatism, even where nations have undergone radical political and social revolutions."

He sees in American society the best illustration of a fundamentally liberal society. On the other hand, he knows that the progress of liberalism has given rise to new authoritarian forces born of the freeing of human activities which liberalism has brought about. His opposition to these new authoritarian movements is refreshingly clear at a time when illusionists and sentimentalists are curiously muddle-headed about the possible "liberalization" of Communism. The statement that liberty exists in Communist states, he writes, "is so absurd that it should not even be taken into consideration."

He objects to the widespread fallacy that prosperity is a prerequisite for liberty. Historical experience, he says, shows that ancient and modern tyrants could accomplish great feats in the field of public works and of economic expansion, but that only free nations could bring about a long lasting and growing prosperity for all the citizens by freeing individual initiative. He also believes that, although free nations have been the dynamic element of mankind, it would be wrong to regard liberty itself as a panacea, as goodness itself. Liberty is only the condition enabling man to work for goodness, to reach decisions through the use of the individual's own critical reasoning powers and to act on the basis of the decisions reached. Thus liberty is a rare and difficult achievement. It depends above all on the will to liberty and on the development of institutions through which it can become a permanent feature of civilized society.

Professor Salvadori's brilliant arguments give a fresh meaning to the basic values of our liberal civilization. They will enable the reader to face democracy and its enemies with greater understanding.



Salvadori—". . . brilliant arguments."

In Darwin's Wake

***"A Hundred Years of Evolution," by G. S. Carter** (Macmillan. 206 pp. $3.75), is an English zoologist's account of what has happened to Darwin's theory since he propounded it. Ashley Montagu, who reviews it here, is the author of "On Being Human."*

By Ashley Montagu

IN TWO years we shall be celebrating the centenary of the publication of Darwin's "The Origin of Species." The book was published in an edition of 1250 copies on November 24, 1859. It sold out on the day of publication and has been reverberating round the world ever since. Next to the Bible I don't suppose that any work has been quite as influential, in virtually every aspect of human thought, as this. The principle of natural selection as the governing power of evolution is today more firmly established than ever, even though in its details it has been subjected to some modification since Darwin first propounded it, and in many ways greatly amplified.

It is the account of these modifications and amplifications that Dr. G. S. Carter gives in "A Hundred Years of Evolution." Dr. Carter is a research and teaching zoologist at Cambridge University and the author of several excellent books on invertebrate zoology and animal evolution. He is thus amply qualified to give an account of evolutionary theory during the last hundred years. This he does most ably in less than two pages to the year. As an expositor Dr. Carter is concerned

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exclusively with the facts and the theories relating to the processes of evolution. He mentions the experiments and the observations which lead various workers to their theories, but the men behind the theories and the often dramatic circumstances in which their theories were developed are scarcely ever mentioned. This in no way detracts from the essential merit of the book, which will leave the reader with a much clearer understanding of the nature of the advances in evolutionary theory that have been made since 1859 than most of the more dramatic books on the subject. Dr. Carter's book is designed to instruct rather than to amuse, and in this he succeeds eminently well, so that the layman for whom the book is intended, as well as the specialist, may read it with profit.

As Dr. Carter points out, while the truth of evolution is today incontestably established, much work remains yet to be done in helping us to understand the detailed workings of the evolutionary process. I am particularly glad to find Dr. Carter emphasizing the necessity of more research on the role that cooperation plays in influencing the evolution of animals. "Does it result only on closer adaptation to narrow and specialized modes of life, or are there more subtle ways in which the evolution of animals that show cooperation differs from that of those that do not?"

Again, as Dr. Carter states, "Darwin's emphasis was entirely on competition." Since that emphasis has suited the ethos of Western civilization like a glove, literally all work that was in any way conceived to be challenging of the idea of competition was either slighted or left altogether unnoticed by the orthodox Darwinians. Competition was identified with natural selection and hence, it was argued, if competition was the major process of evolution then cooperation could not be envisioned as constituting any part of that process. The error committed here lay in the failure to perceive that cooperation was just as much a factor of the competitive process as any form of competition could possibly be. If adaptive fitness is the criterion of selective value, then the adaptive value of cooperation may be much greater in certain situations than any form of non-cooperation. The second hundred years will probably witness the development of this aspect of evolutionary theory, and man may yet learn that cooperation is his most adaptively valuable trait.

SUCCESSOR TO MAN: For many years Loren Eiseley has brooded over the questions that evolution raises, and in **"The Immense Journey"** (Random House, $3.50), he discusses, frequently with wonder and awe, some of the abiding questions that still remain to be answered and will perhaps always continue to puzzle the thoughtful. Mr. Eiseley's book is a collection of essays, each dealing with a fundamental aspect of life, time, or the meaning of an evolutionary process.

He reveals, directly and indirectly, an unexpected pessimism about man's future. He reminds us that the direction of human evolution toward an increasing brain size has led to failure in an earlier and now virtually extinct group, the Boskop man. And in various oblique references he expresses doubt that man or his descendants are necessarily the final inheritors of the earth.

To the convinced evolutionist, the prospect of continued evolution is a settled expectation. And to such the possibility that mankind, too, will evolve into something quite different from what it is now comes as no surprise. It is therefore a little startling that Mr. Eiseley seems to look elsewhere than the human line for man's successors.

These highly personal reflections, queries, doubts, and affirmations make up a literary offering by a scientist thinking and feeling about the very fundamentals of life and being.

—Harry L. Shapiro.

LIBERALISM: THEORY AND PRACTICE: Although the wave of illiberalism in our society has now largely receded, it is still desirable to agree with Theodore Meyer Greene that the blessings of liberty are in no sense a natural endowment but must instead be painfully acquired and sensibly defended. Mr. Greene accordingly addresses himself in **"Liberalism: Its Theory and Practice"** (University of Texas Press, $4.50) to some of the issues involved in this defense.

Mr. Greene, a noted philosopher who taught for many years at both Princeton and Yale, and who is now a member of the faculty of Scripps College, discusses such questions as the meaning of liberalism; the relationship of liberalism to freedom of speech; the issues presented by man as an evaluator, as a moral agent, and as a reverent being; and finally, in a section on the practice of liberalism, on the relationship of liberalism and the five basic institutions of society—the state, the family, the school, the church, and business.

All of the author's sentiments are important and most of them seem to me to be correct. There is a danger that in equating liberalism with all of the virtues it may finally become synonymous with them. If it enlists, in consequence, the assent of all those who are "against sin," it may lose its own most distinctive characteristics. Mr. Greene is aware of the danger, however, and this particular problem can serve as the subject of many future discussions.

—Robert Bierstedt.

Pick of the Paperbacks

MEDIEVAL AND RENAISSANCE POETS. ELIZABETHAN AND JACOBEAN POETS. RESTORATION AND AUGUSTAN POETS. ROMANTIC POETS. VICTORIAN AND EDWARDIAN POETS. *Edited by W. H. Auden and Norman Holmes Pearson. Viking Portable.* 5 vols. $1.45 each. A comprehensive poetry anthology from "Piers Plowman" to the verse of W. B. Yeats. Each volume contains an introduction to the period, a calendar of historic and literary events, and a series of biographical notes.

THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER KWAI. *By Pierre Boulle. Translated by Xan Fielding. Bantam.* 35¢. A suspenseful story of brave men in a Japanese prison camp, and particularly of the British officer who commands his men to build a bridge.

COMFORT ME WITH APPLES. *By Peter DeVries. Signet.* 35¢. A harassed hero seeks domestic tranquillity in the madcap town of Decency, Connecticut. A comic novel by the author of "The Tunnel of Love."

THE APPRENTICESHIP OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY. *By Charles A. Fenton. Compass.* $1.45. Hemingway's early years, combat experience, his entrance into the literary world of the Twenties, and the influence of these experiences upon his later works, discussed by a critic on the Yale faculty.

THE ROMAN WAY. *By Edith Hamilton. Mentor.* 50¢. The Roman world recreated through selections from the works of representative writers and Miss Hamilton's own polished and erudite commentaries.

THE RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM. *By William D. Howells. Houghton Mifflin.* 85¢. This major novel, published in 1885, created a realistic picture of the "businessman hero."

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EARLY CIVILIZATIONS

Before Columbus Came

"Maya Art and Civilization," by Herbert Joseph Spinden *(Falcon's Wing Press. 432 pp. $10), is a new, lavishly illustrated edition of a classic work on a vanished civilization of Mexico. John Collier, who reviews it, is the author of "Indians of the Americas."*

By John Collier

HERBERT JOSEPH SPINDEN'S two volumes on "Maya Art and Civilization" dated 1912 and 1928, have been reprinted in a single volume, without change, but with the addition of some truly lavish reproductions of Maya, Toltec, and Aztec sculpture, architecture, and so-called minor arts. A brief introduction and epilogue provide additional information principally on Spinden's lifelong preoccupation with the Maya time sense. This superb book cannot be counted a definitive, up-to-date text on these huge subjects; if analogies were to be suggested, one would think of Matthew Arnold's volume on the Celtic spirit in English literature or Renan's "La Vie de Jesus." Spinden's work stands as a classic of scholarship and of scientific reporting.

The Maya city-states of the Yucatan rose, flourished, and died across much more than one thousand years from the fourth century B.C. on. Their achievements were very numerous, but this reviewer believes that Spinden is right when he places the astronomical and calendrical achievements as the highest, just as certainly they have proved to be the most enduring. These achievements of the measurement of cosmic time, and the correlating of human events with cosmic time, represented a consecutive, cumulative labor across a millennium and longer. Spinden's own emotion, in relation to the Maya time sense, is almost or quite mystical. I use the word mystical for its implication of the incommunicable. Rome, Spinden suggests, perished because its time-and-world views were "static" as contrasted to the Maya "dynamic" view. This Maya view connected huge pasts with huge futures.

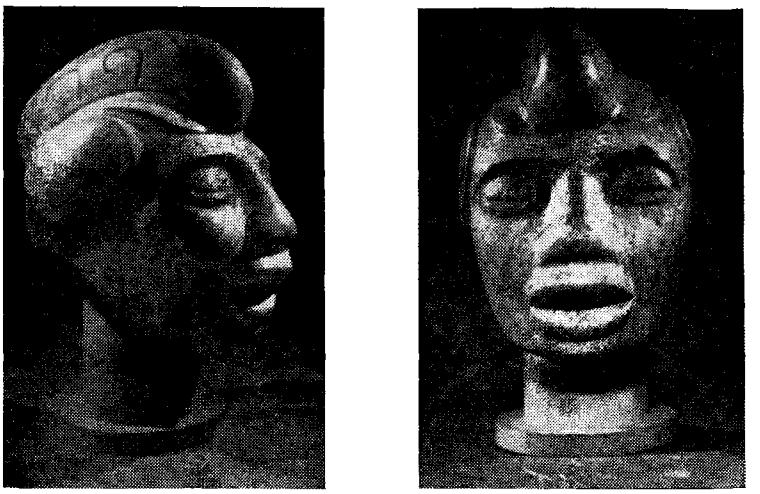
Spinden's volume is especially rich in its account both of Maya civilization as we imperfectly know it, and of the diffusion of Maya culture elements, principally via the Toltec culture, on into the Aztec universe, and on again into the pueblo cultures of the southwestern United States and the mound-building cultures of the eastern United States.

The Maya were subjected to conquests. But conquests of Indians over Indians were nothing like the European conquests of the later age. The Inca Empire, for example, took up into itself the accumulated achievements, technological and esthetic, of a preceding two thousand years. The Toltec conquests of the Maya were far less conquests than they were the blending of a young, exceedingly virile culture with an ancient, slowly perishing one. Again, the Aztec conquests, succeeding the great Toltec era by centuries, aimed at no destruction of heritage. In contrast, Spinden in his foreword remarks, "The proof is very clear that when the Franciscans established themselves in Mexico and Central America, the New World time machine was in day-for-day adjustment with the heavens. Also, knowledge of ancient sciences still existed. A call went out from authority for the total suppression of Indian calendars and beliefs."

Thence ensued the book-burnings of Bishop Landa in Yucatan, the levelling of incomparable monuments in Mexico, the destruction of the quipu records of Andean civilization. In the case of the Maya, this may have been destruction of one of the world's great literatures.

Because the Maya and Toltec cultures had largely perished before the Europeans came, they are and always will be much more clouded in obscurity than the Andean and Aztec cultures. For the Andean and Aztec cultures were fully alive, even decades onward into the white conquest, and along with the insatiable destructiveness of Spain, there went a faithful recording of much that was being killed but which was not yet killed by the white man.

Nevertheless, what we do know and are continually newly discovering, of Maya and Toltec civilization, is no glimpse of a lost Atlantis. It is a fragmentary knowledge of civilizations massive, great, and long-lasting, whose material and spiritual goods were distributed far and wide before they perished; whose material achievements in agriculture are worldwide now; and whose challenge to the historical and also the philosophical mind is unending. It is well that Spinden's work has now been superbly reissued.



THIS DEAD MAN, his mouth open and his eyes closed, preserved for posterity in marble, is an example of the work done by men who lived in the area now known as southern Vera Cruz, Mexico, between the eighth and twelfth centuries A. D. He appears in one of the 270 illustrations that form the heart of a handsome new book called **"Pre-Columbian Art"** (Phaidon-Garden City, $30). All the objects depicted are now part of the Robert Woods Bliss Collection in the National Gallery of Art, Washington, and the volume contains, besides the illustrations, essays on "Culture and Style," "Mineralogical Attributions," "Textiles and World Metallurgy," and a catalogue of the objects, dating from the fourteenth century B. C. to the sixteenth century A. D., and found in the area extending from present day southern Mexico to Costa Rica.

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American Lives

Continued from page 17

instinctively respects. His financial independence allowed him to exercise his natural gift for friendship, and he entertained regally, at Hobcaw, his showplace estate, in South Carolina, and elsewhere, "men at the top" in a wide variety of fields—a Arthur Godfrey, a Cardinal Spellman, a Clare Boothe Luce. Among them were many of the truly great men of his age. Winston Churchill was one who often accepted his hospitality if not his advice.

A great man? No. An eminently useful citizen, a man of great influence? Yes. Miss Coit calls him "the greatest living American legend" and counts it a "tragedy" that his nature made him unwilling to accept more risks, to face defeat, so that he could serve his countrymen and the world more effectively. Tragedy is a strong word; perhaps "regrettable" would be more just. In any case, she is asking of him a nature and capacities he does not possess.

It is not a tragedy either, but it is certainly regrettable that Miss Coit has labored so long and so hard on an illusion. She has consulted thousands of documents and interviewed hundreds of people in search of a great man who isn't there. Her effort to write a history of our times using such a secondary figure as Baruch as a focal point leads to frequently ludicrous results—pages devoted to vivid and perceptive accounts of the Paris Peace Conference, for example, or of the Depression in which Baruch's name enters only incidentally. She has sketched Baruch's private life—most notably at Hobcaw—with a detail and skill that have as yet been denied all but a few of America's great men.

In this new book and in her life of Calhoun Miss Coit has demonstrated that she possesses the biographer's art and the scholar's industry and judgment in rare degree. Would that she would turn them to some of the many truly great Americans who still lack a good biographer.

Dark Horse in the Making

"James K. Polk, Jacksonian," by Charles Grier Sellers, Jr. *(Princeton University Press. 526 pp. $7.50), the first of a two-volume study of one of our least-known but able Presidents, carries his career to the eve of his election to the White House. Charles M. Wiltse, biographer of John C. Calhoun, reviews it here.*

By Charles M. Wiltse

THE surprisingly able presidential administration of James K. Polk was no surprise to most of his contemporaries. Nor would it have been to historians if they had been familiar with Polk's early career. Now, in a biography entitled "James K. Polk, Jacksonian," Professor Charles Grier Sellers, Jr., tells the story of this early career, carrying Polk through his second successive defeat for governor of Tennessee. The book ends at the moment when the man who would soon be elected President of the United States was in despair about his political future.

Polk was still a boy when his father followed other members of the family from Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, to middle Tennessee, but political ambition was already in his blood. After graduating from the University of North Carolina in 1818, he read law in the Nashville office of Felix Grundy and served an apprenticeship as clerk of the State Senate. He was a member of the state legislature in time to help send Jackson to the Senate of the United States in 1823, and the following year he was elected to Congress, taking his seat in December 1825.

In Washington, the thirty-year-old Tennessee Representative was overshadowed by the political Titans of the day. Only in the depth of his ambition was he to be compared with such men as Clay and Webster, Benton and Calhoun; for whatever he lacked in brilliance, Polk made up in industry and drive. His own deep-rooted Jeffersonian beliefs, carried over from Old Mecklenburg, made it congenial to oppose the nationalistic measures of the Adams Administration, and since that was also the road to Jackson's favor, he rose steadily in influence. During Jackson's first term, when the Democratic Party was being forged, the familiarity Polk had acquired in Tennessee with the issues of banking, tariff, and public lands enhanced his usefulness, and by 1832 he was Jackson's hand-picked leader in the House. His services as a member and later as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee during the bank and nullification crises of 1832-1834 were invaluable; and as Speaker in the turbulent sessions of 1835-1839, when the slavery question threatened to erupt in violence on the floor and the panic of 1837 drew new party lines, he showed adroitness, resourcefulness, and tact.

The next logical step up the political ladder was the Vice Presidency, but Polk was first and foremost a party man, and the party needed him elsewhere. So, in 1839, he gave up his seat in Congress to run for the governorship of Tennessee in an effort to redeem the state from Whig control. Polk's victory, however, was not enough to turn the tide, and the Whig triumph in the national election of 1840 made his position precarious. His defeats for governor in 1841 and again in 1843 left him with scant prospects.

A cold and colorless man of modest abilities, Polk made himself a political figure of the first importance by sheer self-discipline, tenacity, and driving ambition. If he never achieved Van Buren's skill at manipulation, he yet learned the virtue of discretion. He managed to avoid antagonizing those with whom he differed, and he kept his own ambitions under iron control. More than any other prominent politician of his day, he contrived to thread his way unscarred among the violently contending factions within his own party. He gave loyal and energetic support to Van Buren, yet he remained on friendly terms with Calhoun's following. Although as a cotton planter and slaveholder he was acceptable to the South, he never by word or act made himself obnoxious to the North. It was this ability to hold himself aloof from faction that would be the measure of his availability when the deadlock came in 1844.

Professor Sellers has written a biography that is at once an important contribution to American political history, a fascinating study of the interaction of state and national politics, and an illuminating delineation of the pre-Presidential career of one of our least known Presidents. The sweeping revaluation of the Jackson era that has taken place since E. I. McCormac's pioneer life of Polk appeared a generation ago has supplied a rich setting for Sellers's work, and he has made the most of it. The story is dramatically told, and for all its impeccable scholarship, it is absorbing reading.

BOURBON DEMOCRAT: Grover Cleveland's astonishing rise from almost total obscurity, his continued popularity with the voters despite his

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lack of legislative successes, and his ultimate crushing repudiation by his own party need explanation. An early authorized biography by Robert McElroy is much too admiring to supply convincing answers. But Allan Nevins in his 1932 Pulitzer Prize biography, "Grover Cleveland, A Study in Courage," found them in the man's monolithic integrity, in his dedication to the ends of small and honest government, in his considerable administrative abilities, and in his courageous willingness to stand firmly by his principles throughout the widespread popular distress and clamor of the depression years of 1893-1896.

Samuel Merrill's new **"Bourbon Leader: Grover Cleveland and the Democratic Party"** (Little, Brown, $6), which was not meant as a full-blown biography but rather as a short assessment of Cleveland's career, is based primarily upon the same sources as its related preceding volumes. But in its short compass of two hundred pages the author comes to some conclusions about his subject that vary widely from those of Professor Nevins. Merrill explains Cleveland's rise in terms of his strict devotion to the principles of laissez faire. His narrow and archaic views attracted the attention and eventually the support of conservative northern Democratic leaders who were then fighting a rear-guard action against radical, reforming Democracy in the South and the West. Cleveland's success in elections, the author found, was not because his policies reflected the desires of the voters but rather because such policies as he had were well concealed, and personally in comparison to his opponents he was a man of conspicuous public rectitude. Since Cleveland's campaigns were all centered against his opponents and never on his own views, his negative attitudes were not fully apparent until the critical depression of 1893 forced them into the open. When the voters had a chance to examine Cleveland's views, they rejected them. According to Mr. Merrill, Cleveland was "the apostle of negativism," the last of the leaders of what he calls "Bourbon Democracy."

The present volume affords neither easy nor exciting reading. This is not due entirely to the author. Because of space limitation Mr. Merrill had to stick close to his subject, and Cleveland was a public man of depressing limitations. The least that can be said for this book is that it has not made a sow's ear out of a silk purse. In its reevaluations and reinterpretations it is provocative, a valuable addition to the historical literature of the late nineteenth century. —GEORGE E. MOWRY.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
DEATH OF A POSTMAN *John Creasey* (Harper: $2.95)	London letter carrier's murder gives Insp. West and fellow-Yarders brisk pre-Christmas workout.	Drama is effectively played against backdrop of metropolitan P.O. in holiday rush.	Good job.
WAIT FOR A CORPSE *Max Murray* (Washburn: $2.95)	Unpleasant type runs for Parliament; nephew tosses wrenches in machinery; new murder follows old.	Good Insp. Lodge hires out as farmhand; unstrong yarn is brightened by good humor, handling.	Refreshing.
MY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE *Doris Miles Disney* (Crime Club: $2.95)	Conn. salesman's wife runs out (says he); young schoolmarm who moves in next door begins to have doubts.	Inevitability of climax heightens strong suspense factor; Lochinvar-type hero OK though role is obvious.	Holds up well.
FATAL HARVEST *Alan Amos* (Crime Club: $2.95)	Yank returns to Panamanian sugar holdings to find ex-wife's new hubby gumming up works; latter's murder satisfying but inconvenient.	Plot thoroughly conventional, but yarn is saved by good handling of exotic setting; shaky bridge important artifact.	As noted.
THANKS TO THE SAINT *Leslie Charteris* (Crime Club: $2.95)	Half-dozen latest yarns take place in Las Vegas, Miami, New Orleans, Arizona, Oregon, New York.	Peripatetic Robin-Hood-type peeper continues exploratory tactics in customary variety.	Mixture as before.
MEET MOROCCO JONES *Jack Baynes* (Crest: 25¢)	High-powered Chi. eye plows through syndicate hoods to get at ace Red spy; ladies present.	Hero-narrator has excellent opinion of self and backs it up as pile of maimed mounts.	Cloaks and .45's.
BRAD DOLAN'S BLOND CARGO *William Fuller* (Dell :25¢)	Yank on one-man Caribbean cruise hits trouble when lamming lady climbs aboard; revolt in banana republic climaxes yarn.	Seamanship excellent and background pleasant (human element excepted); casualties heavy in Central American dustup.	Regulation.
SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES *Patrick Quentin* (S&S: $2.95)	Hollywood star's career threatened as rival breaks neck; three others die by violence; heroine's 19-year-old son is narrator.	Much ground and air covered (Paris, Calif., Las Vegas, London); good laughs abound; police action vestigial.	Crazy but lovely.
SWEET WATER *Michael Cronin* (Washburn: $2.95)	English miss goes to Mexico to claim deceased uncle's acreage; corpses greet her; police apathetic.	Spanish spoken here (with translations); characters strictly stock; love finds a way, as telegraphed.	Conventional.
KILLERS ARE MY MEAT *Stephen Marlowe* (Gold Medal: 25¢)	Chester Drum, Washington eye, journeys from Chesapeake Bay to India to untangle marital web for beautiful client.	Other women a complicating factor; fatalities frequent; pace variable, strongest at start (will Indian embassy enjoy?).	As stated.
THE SLAYER AND THE SLAIN *Helen McCloy* (Random: $3.50)	New England prof. inherits fortune, knocks head on curb, buys Virginia estate, gets all mixed up; cops unbusy.	Latin, French quoted; Emerson misquoted; anoymous notes delivered; killing occurs, also fatal car crash.	Psycho job.
DEATH TAKES A DIVE *Alfred Tack* (Roy: $2.75)	London Eye John Harley, bound Britainward from U.S., encounters murder in mid-ocean; comes up with answer.	Much slugging, chit-chat; jewelry pops in and out; characters include Al, Bill, Jack, Russ, Pat, Ray, Kay.	Time-killer.
THE LIDLESS EYE *Peter Ramsey* (Roy: $2.75)	N.Y. mag. tycoon (*Chance Fame*) slaughtered in Buenos Aires; good Pepe Lobo of city cops asks questions to good purpose.	Scenery and color nicely handled; some characters not too credible; pace usually fast; with smash-eroo terminal wallop.	Sharp.
SOME SLIPS DON'T SHOW *A. A. Fair (Erle Stanley Gardner)* (Morrow: $2.95)	Donald Lam, L.A. eye, flies to S.F. to aid erring husband; case balloons after murder pops up; regular cops mean.	Bertha Cool watches nice hair-pulling duel; her partner cuts corners but comes up smiling; some of action in Reno.	Good fun.
THE DEATH OF HUMPTY DUMPTY *David Alexander* (Random: $2.95)	Bart Hardin, Bway editor, sees New Year's defenestration; Hungarian dancer snatched; corpses develop.	Italic interludes on help; character named Yak-Yak Yost present, also Mickey Mouse mask; pace variable. —SERGEANT CUFF.	Ho-hum.

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Writer's Notebook

Continued from page 9

political need. It is the recognition of their societal instinct in the peculiar circumstances to which they are born; and this leads them to feel that those who do not share it are somehow traitors. Is this not why they are so often uneasy abroad?

It is because America is still unformed that Americans tend to be overborne in Europe, paying an exaggerated tribute to the form of others. Here lies the grain of truth in D. H. Lawrence's statement that America is a "spirit-homeland," not yet a "blood-homeland." Americans of the more recent stocks have scarcely any roots here and the pioneer habit of shifting bases has prevented even the oldest stocks from putting down deep roots in large parts of the country. How, under these conditions, could they have acquired a blood-homeland here,—and does not any sort of transplantation condemn them still further to a surface existence? This explains for me the general feeling that Archibald MacLeish sums up in his "American Letter"—

> Here we must eat our salt or our bones starve.
> Here we must live or live only as shadows.

It seems odd, at first sight, that the great "Slavophile" Dostoevsky shared, for his country, this typically American feeling. During his years of forced expatriation he was morbidly afraid of losing touch with Russia. In Dresden, Geneva, Florence, and Milan, he felt "like a slice cut from a loaf," saying that he could not live without Russia, that he could not write without Russia and that to "get out of touch with Russia" was to lose the power to write. Dostoevsky's daughter, in her biography, remarked that Turgenev spent his whole life abroad and "remained eternally Russian," while her father's "Russianism" depended, as he always felt, on his bodily presence in Russia. Why was this? It was because he was only partly of Russian blood, his daughter said, because he was a "Lithuanian," a "Norman," a "German," and therefore felt he was in danger of being "absorbed by Europe." There we see the same causes at work that produce in American minds the same effect.

• • •

Nothing good can come from writers who are at ease in their Zion. We should all live like Israelites at the Feast of Passover.

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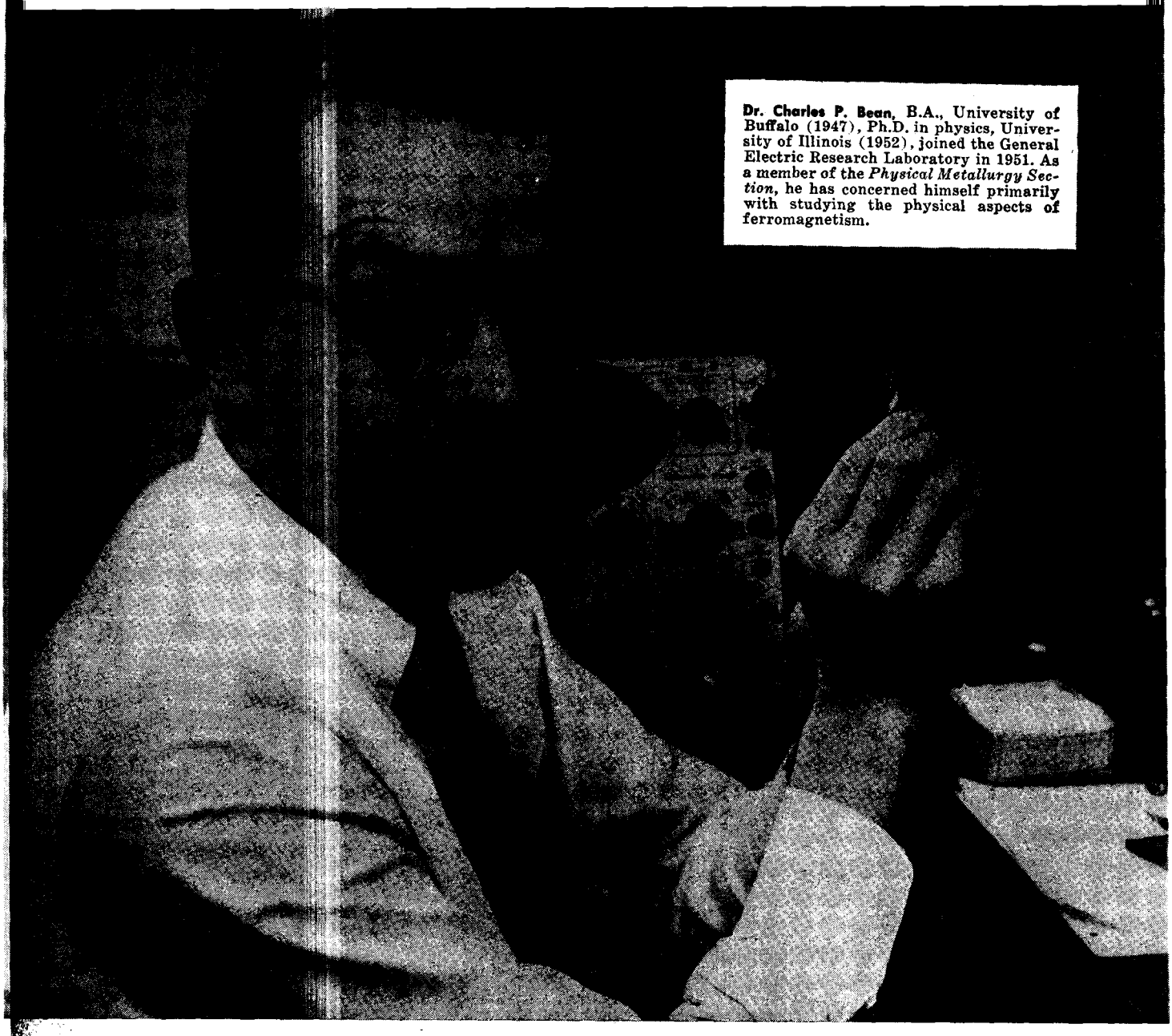

Dr. Charles P. Bean, B.A., University of Buffalo (1947), Ph.D. in physics, University of Illinois (1952), joined the General Electric Research Laboratory in 1951. As a member of the *Physical Metallurgy Section*, he has concerned himself primarily with studying the physical aspects of ferromagnetism.

The how and why of magnets

Dr. Charles P. Bean of the General Electric Research Laboratory contributes new understanding to an age-old problem of science

Magnetism, which amazed and confounded the early Greek philosophers, has been shorn of much of its mystery, but enough questions remain unanswered to hold the attention of many leading physicists throughout the world. One recognized authority on magnetism is Dr. Charles P. Bean, who describes his past work at the General Electric Research Laboratory as learning *how* things magnetize and his present interest as learning *why* materials are magnetic.

Dr. Bean's interests, past and present, have led him to the investigation of magnetic effects near absolute zero, theoretical studies of new magnets made from submicroscopic iron particles, and new observations of magnetic behavior in whiskers of "perfect" metal.

Through this and other work, he has helped establish important new understanding of the character and motion of *magnetic domains* — regions in which atoms, each one an elemental magnet, are all lined up in the same direction.

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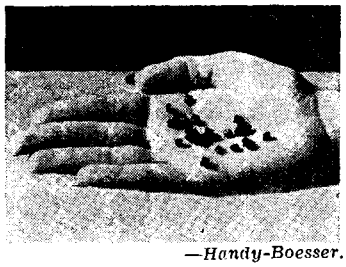

—Handy-Boesser.

SR/Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Letters to the Science Editor • Personality Portrait—XXII • Science in Books • The Research Frontier

ARTICLES: What We Don't Know Hurts Us

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

- *HANDFUL OF SKIN*
- *MUSEUM MOON*
- *THE EXECUTIVE MONKEY*

IF THERE were a caption on our masthead photograph this month it would read: "Double handful of skin." No, your eyesight isn't failing. There's only one hand. The first handful of skin is the one that's natural to the hand. The second handful is the collection of shiny black cubes lying on the outstretched palm. Each cube is a geometrically formed piece of artificial epidermis, known as "tissue equivalent" to the scientists who made it at the Federal Telecommunications Laboratories of International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation in Nutley, New Jersey. "Tissue equivalent" isn't a skin substitute in the sense that it could be grafted, let's say, in the treatment of burns. But its plastic constituents —carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, boron, and oxygen—are mixed in such a way as to reproduce the atomic proportions of human tissue. That is, its ionizing properties are identical with those of skin. Consequently, it will react to atomic radiation in exactly the same manner as skin.

"Tissue equivalent" is extremely valuable to the Atomic Energy Commission in studies of the effect of X-rays, A-bomb fallout, and atomic wastes on the human organism. The stuff is used in university laboratories and medical research centers all over the world.

Individual persons vary so much in their physical characteristics that one standard artificial skin wouldn't be too dependable a criterion for study. So the FTL researchers change the proportions of hydrogen and nitrogen to make all degrees of fatty or muscular tissue. One basic constituent of every type of skin (the surface isn't porous, like true skin, but hard and tough, like the outermost covering of a telephone handset) is a new compound of nitrogen that combines with polyethylene.

• • •

SKINS considerably thicker than the one described above may be the thing for atomic bureaucrats in Washington to wear during the opening months of the new Congress. Our advice indicates widespread dissatisfaction with the Atomic Energy Commission. One Congressional committee, concerned with reorganizing the Executive and Legislative branches of the Federal government to recognize the new social and political force inherent in science, is polling opinion on the advisability of putting the AEC under a broader scientific agency. Requests have been made elsewhere in Congress for a bill to separate the AEC from its present responsibility for appraising public health effects of radiations from atomic disintegrations. (See page 38.) There is also rising criticism of peacetime continuance by the AEC of wartime restrictions on free circulation of information on atomic research.

This last has been intensified by British reports that scientists in England have accomplished a major breakthrough toward peaceful hydrogen power but can't publish the data because the AEC doesn't want to admit that American secrecy rules once again have allowed other countries to outdistance American science. Dr. V. Lawrence Parsegian, dean of engineering at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, spoke for many scientists when he told the RPI chapter of the national scholastic honorary society, Tau Beta Pi, just before Christmas:

"This (peacetime H-power) is the next big scientific 'first' which may surpass the Sputniks in significance. The technical problems demand many new ideas and extensive basic research, which are ideal for university participation. Despite the importance of this international contest, only a few university and industrial teams are permitted to even know the status of the work. . . . The vast majority of college scientists, from whom come most of the Nobelists, do not even know what are the specific . . . key . . . bottlenecks . . . let alone (have the opportunity for) helping to resolve them. . . . If this project were not kept under rigid secrecy control, the talents and ideas that would become immediately available . . . would be many times those being applied now. The main handicap is not shortage of men or money but inadequate use of our available strength."

• • •

THE failure of the first American-made moon to rise more than four feet off the ground is not going to help advocates of free information on science—unless the scientists wake up to the positive contributions of that fiasco. In our opinion, it would be most healthy for the people as a whole to understand and accept the Vanguard fizzle as one of the inevitabilities of scientific research. What more convincing argument for long-range basic study could there be than publicly displayed evidence that science is not a one-shot wonder-worker but is instead subject to all the host of accidents and mistakes and prematurities that must go into any

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—*American Institute of Physics.*

A SCIENCE TEACHING EXPERT is the new President-elect of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. His name: Dr. Paul Klopsteg, associate director of the National Science Foundation. The election was announced at the annual meeting of the AAAS in Indianapolis just after Christmas.

human advance? The present practice of asking reporters invited to cover rocket firings not to report what goes wrong defeats its own purpose. Certainly those who read our account of the repeated delays and improvisations in a rocket experiment last spring (SR/RESEARCH, Mar. 2, 1957) were better prepared to appreciate what happened to Vanguard on Cape Canaveral in December than were those who thought a rocket was something you lit a fuse to and then just stood back and watched.

We think that rocket firings open to the public, or at least to the regularly accredited press, would have another beneficial effect on rocket science. They would help to separate the science from the technology. As we have said before, much of the extravagance of our present rocket and missile programs lies in duplications and refinements carried beyond reasonable limits of practical experience. There ought to be room for infinite experimentation in the true laboratory stages of a rocket, as in anything else. Once an effective design is achieved, however, we agree with the Cornell Aeronautical Lab in Buffalo (which has published some technical papers on the subject) that every component should be delivered at the firing site in condition to go (precisely as your automobile is ready to go when you step on the starter). If a final check shows it unready, time and money shouldn't be wasted tinkering with it; it ought to be sent right back to its manufacturer and replaced by a spare. As we indicated last fall (SR/RESEARCH, Sept. 7) we doubt that this will be entirely possible until solid fuels replace liquids in rocket engines. But a deal could be done at once. This is part of what Wernher von Braun has been hinting at in some of his recent TV appearances.

Before we leave the subject of rocketry, we'd like to express our feeling that the popular press exaggerated the significance of the Vanguard failure. After all, the Naval Research Laboratory did announce the firing as a test of the second engine of the three stage moon-launcher. Accurate reporting of the event would have been more likely if qualified science writers were stationed in Washington in larger numbers. Science is (as Tom Henry of *The Star* was first to tell us) the major industry in our capital. Even the otherwise prodigal *New York Times* is understaffed.

In amelioration of press responsibility in the Vanguard ballyhoo, it must be said that the newspapers were merely trying to keep up with a story on which all the breaks went to a few specialty magazines whose regular columnists are rocket and space experts in government employ. We can't blame the magazines for staffing themselves with these men. That's nothing more than journalistic enterprise in a competitive society. We do question the wisdom and the fairness of the government in permitting the practice.

• • •

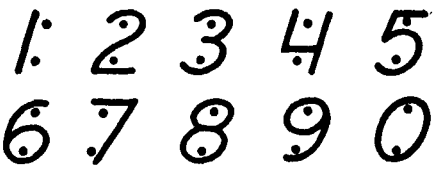
THE marriage of science and the arts which we have been trying to broker in these columns is not so impossible a consummation as some people think. G. Rodney Crowther, III, of Chevy Chase, Maryland, tells us his photograph of Alpha One (the astronomer's designation for Sputnik's carrier rocket, which Khrushchev says has crashed in the wilds of Alaska) has been accepted by Edward Steichen for inclusion in the photographic collection of the Museum of Modern Art in New York City. "Historically and technically interesting," Steichen called Crowther's capture of a thin streak of light through the Big Dipper in the night sky, "A picture with merits of its own."

• • •

ANOTHER encouraging development in the same direction is the new book Pearl Buck is now researching. We don't know what title she has in mind for it, but it has to do with the work of Enrico Fermi and his A-bomb makers. We heard about it during a visit to Schenectady, where Miss Buck had interviewed one of Fermi's key associates, Dr. Volney Wilson (it's just possible she may find some helpful material about him on page 42). Given the famous author's background in the Orient, there are fascinating possibilities in the fictional development of a scientific cataclysm that stretched from the banks of the Hudson to Hiroshima.

• • •

LAST winter (SR/RESEARCH, Dec. 1, 1956) we reported on robots that read and write. At that time, the reading was confined to clearly printed alphabetical characters and numerals. Departures from the norm were kicked out of the machine automatically as unreadable. This eliminated the mechanical copying of most handwritten documents. Whether robots ever will be able to decipher such scribbles as those in which the typical Christmas card is addressed is, in our mind, highly dubious. But the Bell Telephone Laboratories has got as far as electronic reading of handwritten numerals. The only limitation is that every numeral must approximate the accepted shape sufficiently to be lined up in relation to two dots inside the machine:



The Bell device is the next logical step in work currently being done by the U. S. Bureau of Standards for the U. S. Post Office. The postal robot was built by the Rabinow Engineering Company. It sorts letters marked with a dotted code.

Before being presented to the robot postman, letters are first culled to remove the too large, too small, too thick. Then all the envelopes are faced in the same direction to orient the stamps properly and to present all the addresses same side up. The mail then goes through the stamp canceller to the coding operators.

These nimble humans read the address on an envelope and punch it out on what looks like a typewriter keyboard. Instead of the conventional letters of the alphabet, the keys print dots on the back of the envelope. By following certain fixed and simple rules of abbreviation, the operator spaces these dots on the envelope in such a pattern as to form a standardized abbreviated version of the printed address.

The envelope is next transported

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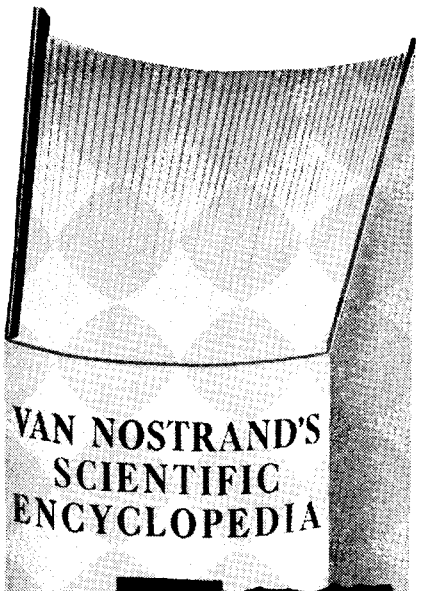

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mechanically to a code reader. This electronic device reads the dot code and responds with appropriate electrical signals. The signals are translated by another electromechanical servant which identifies each with a given letter bin—the bin which contains all letters addressed to a particular neighborhood. Once in its proper bin, the letter is removed by a human postal collector, tied in a bundle, and put into an outgoing mail pouch.

• • •

NOW that The Organization Man has become almost as well known as Santa Claus, it is our pleasure to introduce a new character which science thinks may be a relative. This fellow is known as The Executive Monkey.

The Executive Monkey was first described in the 1957 Thomas William Salmon Lecture at the New York Academy of Medicine by Dr. David McKenzie Rioch, director of neuropsychiatry at the Walter Reed Army Institute of Research in Washington. Like any other executive, The Executive Monkey qualifies for his title by being responsible for the fate of at least one other monkey. This responsibility is exercised during a scientific experiment, in which two monkeys are strapped into two chairs, either side by side in one room or separately in opaque cubicles. The seats of the chairs are at such a height that the monkeys' feet rest on the floor, and the floor at that point is susceptible to being charged lightly with an electric shock.

There is a lever on each chair, connected to the floor circuit. A push of the lever interrupts the connection and prevents or ends the shock, depending on the timing of the push. However, the lever on the chair of the one monkey is disconnected, and the connections for both chairs are made to the other lever. Thus the other monkey becomes The Executive Monkey, since he must act to relieve the annoyance not only of himself but of his colleague.

A light is installed on The Executive Monkey's chair. Experience soon proves its illumination to be a signal of coming shock. Experience also proves that if the lever which remains connected is pushed within twenty seconds, no shock will occur. The Executive Monkey is a smart monkey, and he pushes the lever faithfully, as every executive should. But—although he shows no outer sign of the burden of his responsibility, the Executive Monkey gets a stomach ulcer!

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

BRAIN FLURRY

YOUR *SR*/RESEARCH has interested me and particularly the recent consideration of the brain (RESEARCH IN AMERICA, Dec. 14) in relation to the President's stroke.

Here, as elsewhere, your editor has evidently gone beyond his depth. His description of Broca's area as "This miniature valley is called Broca's convolution." A convolution is not in the nature of a "valley," and there are no valleys in the normal brain. If the hand is placed on a flat surface with the fingers close together, the fingers somewhat resemble the convolutions, and the closed spaces between them, which are described as "surfaces of separation," because they are so closely applied to each other are never open normally—no "valley."

Also, in the reference to Dr. Penfield's study, the statement is made (pp. 48-50): "But when the patients were asked questions while the electrode was at that point, they could not answer . . . When the electrode was lifted, however, the words came with a rush." No reference is given, so this cannot be verified, but in the Penfield paper (*Proc. Am. Philos. Soc.* 98:1954) he says: ". . . the recollection continued in spite of himself as long as the electrode was kept in place, to vanish instantly when the electrode was withdrawn."

Another writer has already suggested that such quotations from highly specialized subjects should be checked by their author to avoid such misleading statements. To this, this writer would agree.

DR. A. E. TAFT.

Haverford, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Taft might do his own research more carefully before criticizing others. The Science Editor did cite his authority: a paper Dr. Wilder Penfield read at a meeting of the National Academy of Sciences in November 1957—three years later than the experiment Dr. Taft mentions. The exact wording of the paper was: "If it (the electrode) is applied to one of the speech areas of the dominant hemisphere, such as Broca's convolution, the patient is silent. No words can be produced that way. If the patient is asked to answer while the electrode is still applied, he discovers, to his surprise, that he is aphasic. That is, he can no longer find words to express his thoughts. But they come with a rush when the electrode is lifted and he says, then, the things he was trying to say while the electrode was interfering. . . ." Webster's International Dictionary defines the word convolution with special reference to the brain as follows: "One of the irregular ridges on the surface of the brain." The word ridge is defined as "any extended elevation between valleys." The Science Editor called Broca's convolution "a miniature valley . . . a minuscule valley." In a popular report, this phraseology is certainly accurate.*

SPACE ANTS?

YOUR LITTLE SCIENCE quiz (*SR*/RESEARCH, Dec. 14) seems well designed to demonstrate the superiority of dogs over people. In the course of a laboratory experiment to facilitate control and manipulation of dogs, a dog's participation is not voluntary; his cooperation in his own physical or psychical mutilation has to be obtained by coercion, at least to the extent of the threatened withholding of his food. On the other hand, your readers presumably rush to present themselves as objects of an experiment that will facilitate their manipulation by the war-profiting Power Elite.

Surely the basic philosophic question of our time is whether Man is a person or a thing. Is he unique, inviolable—sacred, if you will? Or is he a unit of a mass, a thing to be controlled and manipulated like the material universe?

Social Science has pretty well demonstrated the state of its morals by profitably bedding with advertising. Now it leaps to the bed of profit-militarism.

What about you? Are you so eager for the ant-heap that you wish to speed up the "thingification" of Man?

DOROTHY K. SHISLER.

Bath, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our Man-in-Space quiz was designed to give people a chance to express themselves and so to help shape what man becomes.*

JEFFERSONIAN ADVICE

IN THE ARTICLE on Dr. Killian (*SR*/RESEARCH, Dec. 14), the author asks how the schools can shift from "the pace of the common man" to that of "the uncommon intelligence—without abandoning democracy."

Thomas Jefferson thought the answer lay in a selective system of free education, with the three R's for the common man; "a higher degree of education" for the less common man; and a university education for the uncommon man, whom Jefferson was pleased to call a "natural aristocrat." The three R's were supposed to raise "the mass of people to the high ground of moral respectability necessary to their own safety, and to orderly government;" and to help them spot and elect their natural superiors in "virtue and talents," who "would thus have been sought out from every condition of life, and completely prepared by education for defeating the competition of wealth and birth for public trusts." (Letter to John Adams, October 28, 1813.)

Should we call Thomas Jefferson an "abandoned democrat?"

JOHN A. STUART.

Cedar Falls, Iowa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We'll settle for calling him an enthusiastic democrat.*

HISTORICAL NOTE

I AM SURE that many *SR* readers cannot accept your gushing admiration of Dr. Killian (*SR*/RESEARCH, Dec. 14). That he

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can sincerely believe the pious statements attributed to him and yet morally condone and participate in the U.S. missile program reveals a capacity for "doublethink" as grotesque as anything in Orwell's "1984." Let's pay our tributes to scientists like Albert Einstein who refuse to prostitute their genius to perfecting methods of exterminating life, not to the dull conformists like Killian, who is unable to rise above the mental level of that stupid, hypocritical government slogan: "Pray for peace, but prepare for war!"

C. W. GRIFFIN.

Erlton, N.J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Einstein signed the letter that persuaded President Franklin D. Roosevelt to order top priority for the A-bomb.*

THIRTY-YEAR CHEER

In the . . . (Dec. 14) issue of *The Saturday Review* I have read with the greatest interest "Assistant President: A Poetic Scientist." In my ignorance I had known nothing about Dr. Killian. The marvelously written report by J. L. is the most encouraging development that has come to my attention in the last thirty years! (I am seventy-one years old.)

VICTOR STARZENSKI.

Galway, N.Y.

WISHFUL THINKER

A QUICK QUESTION from a disturbed reader: Did the President in fact keep Dr. Killian (*SR*/RESEARCH, Dec. 14) "waiting for the oath of office and then cut the ceremony short to make a quick getaway to the golf course"? This statement sounds to me like pretty putrid journalism—i.e. a very damaging inference drawn from unexplained circumstances put out in the form of a statement of fact. *Why* was the President late, and *why* did he have to "cut the ceremony short"?

I am inclined to believe (without knowing) that *if* the President was late at all, he had a reason for it but apologized all the same to Dr. Killian, and *if* he did "cut the ceremony short" it was definitely not to get to a confounded golf game. (Or is this wishful thinking?)

A. W. SHERWOOD.

Baltimore, Md.

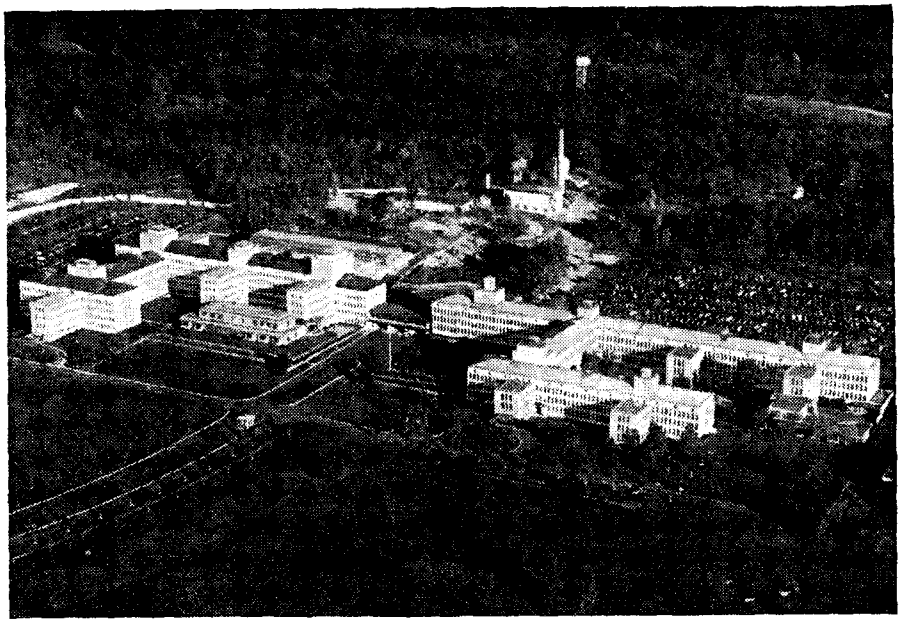
EDITOR'S NOTE: *The President was delayed by an important conference before the Killian swear-in ceremony. It is a matter of verifiable fact that, following a shortened ceremony, he left for the golf course. SR does not object to the President's fondness for golf. We merely reported what happened.*

CREDIT SLIP

IT SHOULD have been specified that "The Tao of Science" (SCIENCE IN BOOKS, Nov. 2) was published jointly by Wiley and The Technology Press of MIT.

ROSE ORENTE,
John Wiley and Sons.

New York, N.Y.



Bell Telephone Laboratories, Murray Hill, N. J.

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Alexander Graham Bell

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WHAT WE DON'T KNOW HURTS US

The Chairman of the Committee on Social Aspects of Science of the American Association for Advancement of Science Directs Attention to America's Central Problem

By DR. CHAUNCEY D. LEAKE

TODAY, for the first time since John Quincy Adams was in the White House and speaking directly to the Congress in his Presidential messages on behalf of science, the fine art of disciplined curiosity about the world we live in has an officially responsible voice in the top councils of the United States government. We now have what is in effect an Assistant President for Science and Technology.

Yet while we rejoice at this deserved state of dignity for science, the spirit of inquiry asks, "How come?"

With all respect to the Presidency, it seems clear that Dr. James R. Killian's appointment was a response to popular clamor.

How did the clamor arise?

The people clamored at omens in the skies.

There was public assurance from Presidential Press Secretary James Hagerty, and others, that neither Sputnik nor Muttnik surprised the White House. Regular readers of these pages were in part psychologically prepared. But to most Americans the rising of the Russian moons was a stunning shock, as big black newspaper headlines have shown.

To be blunt, then, the main reason why this country now has an Assistant President for Science and Technology is that our people learned the unwelcome truth of Russian scientific skill from a source beyond our borders. Under the force of this surprise the winds of U.S. opinion suddenly shifted from smug unconcern about science to a near hurricane of anxiety about our scientific prestige.

Can our democracy afford such blind shiftings and major policy decisions based on sudden emotional shocks? Indeed, without fully informed and deliberately weighed opinion, have we a democracy in reality? Are we not at last confronted by the tragic consequence of a false feeling of security given by authoritarian attempts to preserve "secrets" of scientific effort? Before this bureaucratically imposed secrecy destroys what it purports to preserve, would we not be wise to reconsider it as a national policy, and try instead to restore science to its traditional free, open, and democratic state, so that scientists may really help to protect and to extend those freedoms which we profess to cherish?

Such a change in national policy cannot come overnight. We need much personal and group soul-searching about what the concept of science implies. Then we might realize what scientists are trying to do, and how we may all help.

Before Sputnik, many Americans believed that whatever progress was made in Russia was accomplished by stealing our "secrets." Actually, no scientific "secrets" were ever involved. The essential scientific principles have been known to scientists everywhere. The important matter was choice of purpose to which the scientific knowledge might be applied, and then the technical knowhow to accomplish the chosen purpose. The belief that such knowhow could be handed over to an enemy by some spy whispering words on a street corner, or by passing secret documents, has little justification. In every previous case of Russian advance our well-intentioned but unwise advocates of secrecy could point to our previous possession of some technical advantage that might have been stolen. Only since the Niks rose into a sky empty of any moon of our modeling have our people had a chance to see how our own scientific progress can be retarded by interfering with the free exchange of scientific ideas. Only after the ballyhooed test flight of our own space rocket ended in smoke four feet off the ground was it clear to our people how little we had for anyone else to pirate. Our current timetables for reaching the moon are merely more smoke taking our attention from the basic requirements we need in science to assure our survival as a self-governing people.

Consider the paradox from which the Niks sprang. In the USSR, we are told by Dr. Nicholas DeWitt of Harvard's Russian Research Center, youngsters seek a scientific career because it is a safe refuge from the constant pressure of the Party line. In every form of intellectual activity in Russia, except science, one has to be dishonest with oneself in order to conform to the prevailing Marxism-Leninism. Scientific endeavor is self-defeating if it is dishonest. Dr. DeWitt goes on to say, "In the Soviet setting, the creatively inclined individual is most likely to seek escape . . . from political and social reality . . . in a scientific or engineering career. . . . Many good men . . . flock to (science) . . . to preserve the tiny bits of human honesty and dignity largely destroyed or shattered in the hypocrisy of Communist tyranny."

AND while this scientific island of free expression exists in the midst of the sea of suppression surrounding the Kremlin, what have we in the United States? Our youth shuns science in resistance against demands for conformity in thinking. The Purdue Opinion Panel's poll of a nationwide sample of high school pupils in 1956 showed a twenty-seven per cent belief that science expects its practitioners to be "willing to sacrifice the welfare of others to further their own interests," a fourteen per cent belief that "there is something evil about scientists" and a nine per cent belief that "one can't be a scientist and be honest." Margaret Mead's study also revealed the low opinions held of scientists by American youngsters.

American scientists have been particularly harassed by ill-advised se-

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—*Business Machines-IBM.*

Industry has spent millions for "security," but that didn't prevent Sputnik.

curity regulations which have hampered their scientific activities, inhibited their scientific interests, and given them a serious sense of anxiety and frustration. Our country has lost the services of many outstanding scientists as a result of narrow interpretation of security regulations. In comparison, the experience in Russia of Dr. Peter Kapitsa, one of the world's great physicists, is illuminating: When he refused on principle to work on nuclear weapons, he was allowed to pursue such scientific studies as would be of interest to him.

Our scientists have been fearful of being stigmatized by showing any interest in Russian science. The result is that we are painfully ignorant of what Russian scientists have been accomplishing, although their reports have been made openly available, in many instances with English summaries. Thus has American science suffered from the authoritarian administration of security regulations. Individual and responsible freedom is as essential to scientific progress as it is to the survival of democracy.

Because of the delusion that has been perpetrated upon him, it is unreasonable to expect the citizen-at-large to initiate the change toward greater freedom. How, then, do we bring about the return to sanity? Have not our scientists a special obligation here? It was our scientists who set the pattern by imposing secrecy upon themselves in atomic research well before the American government invoked the censorship of World War II. Dr. Arthur H. Compton leaves no doubt of this in his book, "Atomic Quest." The argument behind it—fear that Hitler's racial bigots would turn their perverted intelligence to making the A-bomb first—proved unfounded, but it seemed convincing at the time. No one then supposed that our free-wheeling democracy would ever succumb to its own peculiar hunt for witches dressed as scientists.

HOW can scientists begin to undo what we never intended to be done? The National Science Foundation would seem to have provided us with an answer. In its report entitled, "Basic Research: A National Resource" (in preparation for two years, it was dispatched to the White House just eleven days after Sputnik's unexpected appearance in the heavens), NSF declares it to be "in the national interest that all results of basic research, wherever it is done, be published promptly. This applies to basic research in industrial laboratories as well as laboratories of universities or government." Should Assistant President Killian adopt this policy as his own and persuade President Eisenhower to throw his weight behind it, scores if not hundreds of research findings that are now locked up under one pretext or another would fly like seed pods on the wind.

A second policy suggestion of the NSF study calls for "recognition of the requirement that federal grants for research . . . should carry a minimum of restrictions on the freedom of the scientist." The effect of such a proposal, conscientiously pursued, would reach far beyond the limits of research itself into the social and political consequences of science. There would be little compulsion for a science-statesman like Dr. Vannevar Bush to tell the press, as he did tell it at the close of last October: "The whole story (of our lagging behind Russian science) hasn't been told and I can't break security to tell it. . . . Many of the things I know were learned while in scientific research for the government. I've got to hold them in confidence. I wish I were in a position to say more."

There is yet a third proposal in the NSF report which provides, in essence, a kind of enforcement for the other two. It advocates the return of as many as possible of our fundamental inquiries into nature and nature's laws to our universities, the historic defenders of freedom of thought. "It would contribute to the same end," the report observes, "if the policy were adopted by all research-supporting federal agencies to make contracts for applied research and development at such institutions if and only if the following conditions were met. First, the work must be demonstrably essential to national defense or welfare. Second, the work cannot adequately be done by industrial laboratories, federal laboratories, research institutes or research centers—approached in that order; or a selected university has unique competence in the area of interest." The extent to which the traditionally free exchange of information in university laboratories has been compromised by secret technological work is evident in the NSF caution that a change back to the older, preferred order of things must be undertaken gradually "so as to minimize any unfavorable effects," *i.e.*, wrecking of school budgets now dependent on contracts for "classified" experiments.

It is precisely at this point of delicate balance that the individual scientist can most effectively make his weight felt. As was noted by Dr. Charles V. Kidd, of the National Institutes of Health, at an American Political Science Association symposium last fall, "It is difficult to find a scientist of any stature" in the country who is not in some manner an advisor to the federal government. But the advice is often given in an atmosphere of political naivete. Dr. Kidd explained: "An advisor from a university who is serving on a policy advisory group may . . . feel that the federal agency is asking universities to undertake work of a routine nature which is, in his opinion, inappropriate. But if the full-time staff of the

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agency strongly urges that such work be contracted out to a university the advisor is not likely to interpose strong objections. He is likely to remain silent on such questions, at least in formal meetings. He may believe that he should hold his fire for more significant issues. But these significant issues are seldom presented in a clear-cut manner. . . . 'Policy' is often not the adoption of carefully considered action formulated before the fact and near the top of the administrative hierarchy. . . . (It is most often) the accretion of . . . a long series of apparently trivial decisions made near the bottom of the . . . hierarchy . . . over a long period of time and viewed retrospectively. By reason of the nature of this process, it is often difficult for consultants to advise effectively on policy even when they are asked to do so. They hesitate to object to (the) small decisions . . . (whose) accumulation . . . is . . . policy making . . . (and so) the scientific advisor is at times and in a certain sense a captive."

SCIENTIFIC advisors are captive not only to their political naivete but to something else that they are only now and very slowly becoming aware of. After many years of feeling unappreciated by their non-scientific fellows, the scientists suddenly find themselves lionized. They enjoy the experience, proving once again that they are human. There is a warm sensation of prestige in being consulted by one's government. Sputnik has brusquely interrupted this pleasant reverie by reminding independent thinkers that their silence, or to put it charitably, their true opinions, is in part responsible for the country's present state of shock and humiliation.

Having said as much, I am clearly obligated to speak unequivocably in favor of a reform in which I have been personally concerned. As chairman of the Committee on the Social Aspects of Science of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, I am one of a group of scientists who have advocated the abolition of administrative regulations which restrict publication and free exchange of information on the hazards of atomic radiation to public health. This group of scientists also believes, in company with Congressman Chet Holifield of California (see SR/Research, August 3, 1957) that the Atomic Energy Commission, being primarily responsible for maintenance of American supremacy in atomic weapons, should be relieved of the conflicting responsibility for evaluating the radiation dangers of wastes from atomic disintegrations.

I cannot and do not speak as Committee Chairman because the Committee wisely has concluded that it is not appropriate for such a scientific group as it represents to attempt to issue statements on social problems involving science, but rather to help furnish the information necessary for wise public policy decisions. The Committee hopes to deal with such general social problems involving science as air and water pollution, over-population, authoritarianism, optimum nutrition, and hazards to the common human gene pool. Protection of humanity from the danger of war may become a major consideration for the Committee, and here secrecy matters may again interfere. How, for example, can many people be protected against nerve gases, radiation hazards, or biological warfare, when no free person is allowed access to the classified information available on these matters? I speak as an individual who believes in unfettered knowledge.

I trust that nothing written here will be read to imply that I foresee a millennium in which the word "secret" disappears entirely from official documents. Given the present grave divisions among nations, classified experiments in military technology seem inevitable, transitory though the secrets prove in practice. Even in dealing with them, however, I would hope that we have learned that we simply cannot enforce loyalty by lining up those we suspect and purging them from us. Loyalty depends on a vast complex of interpersonal relations involving common standards and ideals. For us in the United States this means loyalty to the democratic way of life as exemplified in the history and traditions of the American people. One of these traditions is the tradition of science to find the truth about ourselves and the world about us. Our concept of national security must develop toward maximizing scientific gains rather than minimizing losses.

NOW that we are face to face with unassailable evidence that the withholding of publication of our basic research findings does not prevent others from overtaking us, we may be able to look at secrecy in reverse. It is quite possible that by reporting our experiments openly we could work a deterrent effect on irresponsible politicians abroad. The men in the Kremlin are just as dependent on science as is the man in the White House. The elite character of the scientist in Soviet society is well known. If the Russian researchers could read for themselves the fundamental discoveries that we make, their knowledge of the implications would almost certainly serve as some brake on adventures in conquest. And there is always the hope that, with time, exchange of scientific intelligence may become a bridge for peaceful intercourse between eastern and western civilizations.

—Ohio State U.

Dr. Chauncey D. Leake.

"THIS ALL MAY SOUND A BIT 'HIGH': I've just taken 0.3 mgm/Kg of 3,4,5, trimethyl-phenethyl-amine, —highly stimulating & convulsive to mice at 200 mgm/Kg,—but I am disappointed in the effects so far." That's the kind of postscript you get used to if you are fortunate enough to receive letters from Dr. Chauncey D. Leake, assistant dean of medicine at Ohio State University. And you also grow accustomed to such pen-scribbled further explanations in the letter margins as "New drug,—& taking it is part of the job."

Dr. Leake gives freely of himself with an effervescence that bubbles gaily in the mind long afterward. Met face to face, he greets the world through an imp that lives deep down in his eyes and peers out sharply through a sort of venetian blind that opens and shuts with disconcerting speed. His Santa Claus laugh rolls gently all over a room. Altogether, he is a social being well equipped to chair the Committee on the Social Aspects of Science of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Only his soap-white hair and kindly gentleman demeanor betray to strangers the scholar beneath Dr. Leake's jolly medicine-man facade. But the solidity of that scientific character has long been established by his contribution to the work of the board of governors of the AAAS. He is not only a philosopher but an historian in that branch of history whose true significance is only beginning to be appreciated: the role of science in civilization.

Born in Elizabeth, N. J., he attended Princeton and there became a Bachelor of Letters in 1917. In 1920 he received his master's degree and in 1923 a doctorate of physiology from the University of Wisconsin, where he stayed on to teach physiology and pharmacology. In 1928 he moved to the University of California medical center and remained there until 1942. Then he directed the medical branch of the University of Texas at Galveston for thirteen years before joining the Ohio State University medical faculty in 1955.

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Any Scientific Argument Ought to Be Documented. So—

HERE IS A CASE HISTORY

ON A preceding page Dr. Chauncey Leake has described the treatment the Soviet government accorded to Dr. Peter Kapitsa, a Russian scientist who refused to work on nuclear weapons. Dr. Kapitsa was held under house arrest for years, but was paid all the while and was permitted to follow a line of experimentation of his own choosing, which turned out to do with space rockets. Meanwhile, in the United States, Dr. Edward O. Condon, a past president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, was driven from his job as director of the Bureau of Standards because people less well informed than he thought there was something suspicious about the intensity of his interest in Communist scientific literature. What follows is Dr. Condon's own story as he told it to a meeting of the American Physical Society in St. Louis and as it has been reproduced in *Science,* the AAAS journal:

"During the last two months there has come about a general public awareness that America is not automatically, and effortlessly, and unquestionably the leader of the world in science and technology. This comes as no surprise to those of us who have watched and tried to warn against the steady deterioration in the teaching of science and mathematics in the schools for the past quarter century. It comes as no surprise to those who have known dozens of cases of scientists who have been hounded out of jobs by silly disloyalty charges, and kept out of all professional employment by widespread blacklisting practices. It comes as no surprise to those of us who have known how good American scientists have had to face vilification by political speechmakers in and out of Congress, and have been falsely prosecuted for perjury, and have been improperly denied passports, or have had their passports seized and invalidated without due process by the State Department, or who have had their telephones tapped or their letters intercepted by government agents. . . .

"I do not wish to seem boastful, and in this respect I would gladly change places with any of you, but I think that I have probably had a bigger dose of this kind of mistreatment than any of my fellow members of the American Physical Society. It began ten years ago last summer.

"In that time I have had two full-scale loyalty hearings in the Department of Commerce, a full field investigation for the Atomic Energy Commission, which occupied the efforts of 300 FBI agents, and finally in 1954 had a hearing under the policies and procedures set up by this Administration. In all of these I received full clearance. All covered essentially the same ground, which was no ground at all. The House Committee on Un-American Activities made numerous attacks on me in 1947 and 1948 before its then chairman went off to serve a term in a Federal penitentiary. . . . Finally, this committee staged a political hearing on the same old stale and outworn material just before the 1952 elections.

"During most of this period I kept on working to develop the scientific strength and stature of the National Bureau of Standards. Happily, this work is being carried on by my successor in spite of his having been summarily fired for a time by the present Secretary of Commerce who wanted the free play of the marketplace to take precedence over careful scientific experimentation.

"Edward Teller told the last personnel security board hearing in April 1954 that the bureau's work on the hydrogen bomb which I organized advanced our achievement of that goal by many months, probably a year. If he is correct in the implication that without that work we would have been delayed by about a year, then the lack of that work would have made us come in second in the international rivalry for the hydrogen bomb.

"Nevertheless, all the old stuff was rehashed once in 1952 and again in 1954. I was badgered all those years for having been interested in the American-Soviet Science Society, an organization which received a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation ten years ago to foster translation and wider distribution in this country of the Russian scientific literature. Now, a decade late, we read of crash programs to translate the Russian scientific literature. . . .

"In July 1954 I was given complete security clearance by the Eastern Industrial Personnel Security Board. You might think now that I would be allowed to go back to work. Yet in October 1954, just before the elections, we find Nixon . . . boasting that he got the Secretary of the Navy to suspend my clearance, as was done on October 21.

"It was arbitrarily suspended without any pretense that additional evidence needed to be considered. It was suspended by a Secretary of the Navy who admitted that he had not seen the record. I was told that I would have to go through the same old dreary business again. Three years ago I faced a very difficult decision—whether to continue to fight for the Government's honor, or whether to yield to the Administration's determination to disgrace itself. . . .

"YOU might think that now I would be allowed to go back to work. I came East in January 1955 after giving my retiring presidential address to the American Association for the Advancement of Science and was offered the post of chairman of the department of physics in a leading university. In March the chancellor of that university told me that he could not follow through on the appointment because a high government official threatened one of the university trustees that if my appointment went through that university would lose all of its Federal funds.

"In June 1955 I was asked to serve on a committee on a nonclassified problem of military importance—and then suddenly asked not to, just before the first meeting of that committee.

"Incidentally, I *was* cleared from July 1954 to October 1954. During that period some Navy people came to see me with an urgent problem on the development of a radome for a guided missile. It was highly secret, but I was cleared for it. By the time we had the development models made my clearance had been suspended 'pending further consideration,' as Secretary [of the Navy] Thomas put it. Some of our cleared young men tried to deliver the radomes but found these Navy men in such a state of panic that they would not accept them! A few weeks later—all this was just about three years ago—they regained their courage and sheepishly asked to have the radomes. They were tested and found to be good and are now in production. Detail problems about them come up from time to time, but I am not allowed to help in their solution. . . ." —J. L.

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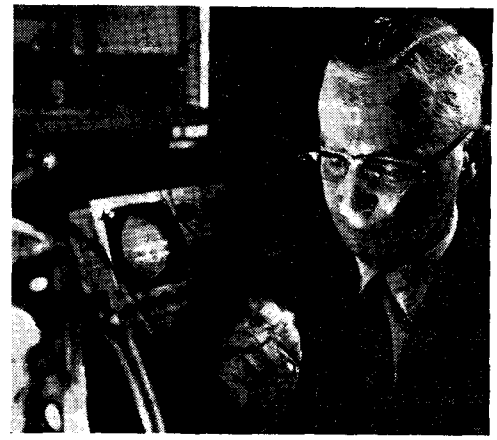
PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XXII

MOON-FURNACE MAKER

Dr. Volney Wilson Has Converted Heat Directly Into Electricity



—G. E. Research Lab.

AT SOME time during his growing up, every boy is haunted by a dream. Volney Wilson's haunt appeared beside him as he walked to high school in San Jose, California, one warm day in the spring of his junior year. "Volney!" the haunt exclaimed, "Just feel the heat that the Sun is wasting. Why, there must be more than enough of it to push an automobile. Let's figure a way to make the Sun push an automobile!"

Many boys of Volney's age would have chosen to push something bigger —a freight train, maybe, or an ocean liner. But the automobile had a special place in Volney's mind. His father, Robert, professor of mathematics and dean of men at Northwestern University, had hated the noise and fumes of the early gas buggies. To the day of his death in 1923 the mathematician refused to succumb to the convenience of motorized wheels that insulted his ears and nose. Only after the professor's demise had his widow astounded Volney and his sister, Elizabeth, by renting the family house in Evanston, Illinois, and using the rent to buy a Dodge ("It proved to be very dependable during the war," she said) and driving it westward across the country.

The rent the widow Wilson paid for a home in San Jose was enough below the incoming rent back in Evanston to pay for the car and lower new roots for the family into the Sun-drenched soil of the Pacific Coast. There young Volney had perspired unseasonally in the warmth of spring and, perhaps in an unconscious gesture to his father's love of quiet and dignity, had thought not of the Dodge or some other piston-driven motor but of the silent "Electric." Powered by storage batteries, started and stopped by a single lever, the now-departed aristocrat of a bygone road never carried more than a few of the wealthy. It fitted the need of Volney's haunt, however, and the Wilson boy dreamed of charging the "Electric's" batteries continuously with energy from sunlight falling on the carriage roof.

Volney's dream might have died, as the dreams of many boys die, before that year 1927 was out if the boy had been alone with his haunt. But he was not alone. He knew another dreamer: his high-school physics teacher. The teacher was almost certain that this particular dream would never come true in quite the way that his pupil was dreaming it. Years of experience had taught the older man that the power-making mechanism of thermocouples (a thermocouple is a conjunction of two different metals which produce an electric current when the temperature of one of the metals rises above the temperature of the other) was notoriously inefficient. Nevertheless, he encouraged Volney to put together dozens of thermocouples and expose them to the Sun to see how close they would come to producing the power required to drive a car.

Young Volney Wilson learned from that patient, always-dreaming teacher that science is really nothing more than normal human curiosity, persistent and disciplined to seek new paths of understanding and discovery whenever old paths lead to dead ends. So when his dream of a motorized surrey with a thermocouple fringe on top finally turned out to be impractical, the boy was not defeated. He was merely more curious about the radiations of the Sun.

Volney went back to Evanston and to his father's school, Northwestern, to major in physics and chemistry. In 1932 he was graduated there as a Bachelor of Science. Next year he went on to Ohio State to earn his Masters degree on a graduate assistantship. He became a Ph.D. at the University of Chicago in 1938, with a thesis on cosmic rays, the least understood of all the radiations which bombard Earth from space.

Working under Arthur Compton, whose X-ray studies had won a Nobel Prize in 1927, Wilson tracked the cosmic rays as they penetrated the ground. Down into Michigan's copper mines he followed them, down into the coal mines of Indiana, and finally into the rock beneath the city of Chicago. Through 1,600 feet of stone he mapped the ever-widening showers of particles, recording their steadily weakening energy as they journeyed. His studies were thorough, and were rewarded with an instructorship on Chicago's faculty in 1939. That was the year Adolf Hitler expected to make historic as the starting date of his conquest of Europe, and the year historians really will remember as the time of discovery of atomic fission.

The whole of the scientific world was excited by the news that Lise Meitner spirited from Otto Hahn's lab under Hitler's nose. Compton, with his special knowledge, was particularly moved. He asked instructor Wilson to check the mathematics of the Hahn-Meitner experimental chain against Einstein's equation for transformation of matter into energy. Was atomic energy likely to amount to much? Two weeks later, Wilson reported his conclusion that disintegration of the nucleus would indeed be a momentous event. In fact, he estimated it would be so very powerful that its first use probably would be as an explosive.

HAVING inherited something of his father's devotion to the peaceful and quiet life, Volney Wilson wanted nothing to do with exploitation of the atom's force. He asked Compton to excuse him from further pursuit of the possibilities. Shortly thereafter, on a trip east, he was asked to join a radar project at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology "for the war." War? Wilson said no. He wanted his science to be an art of peace. "But think of London," the MIT men pleaded. "With radar we might save London. Without it, all that London means to western culture will almost certainly be destroyed. Your work here won't be

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used to attack anyone, Wilson. Radar is strictly for defense." So Volney Wilson went to work on radar and helped to build the ten hand-made sets which Sir Winston Churchill says saved London from the Nazi blitz.

In December of 1941, radar expert Wilson went home to Chicago for Christmas. Compton asked him to meet some people at the Compton home. The people turned out to be Enrico Fermi, Leo Szilard, Eugene Wigner, and others of the famous group who formed the brain core of the Manhattan Project. Confronted once again by the thing he most detested—deflection of the peaceful potential of science to a purpose of destruction—Wilson tried to escape again and this time met the argument: "If Hitler gets the A-bomb before we do, our civilization is doomed."

In a later review of these events in the book, "Atomic Quest," Compton placed Wilson "among those who . . . sincerely hoped that, even at the last moment something . . . would make it impossible to effect the chain reaction." Wilson had no such last-minute hope. He made up his mind to the necessity of a course of action on the day of that meeting as Compton's guest. The choice was reluctant. But it was a decision from which Wilson never retreated nor wavered until the A-furnace controls he devised successfully governed the lighting of the first man-made atomic fire on December 2, 1942, until the sparks from that fire became the first A-bomb.

AFTER the bomb fell, chance intervened for the first time on the side of Wilson the peace advocate. Having run the A-bomb factories at Oak Ridge and Hanford throughout the war, the Du Pont Company was determined to quit. It would take no chance of repetition of the "warmonger" accusations that had almost wrecked the firm after World War I. General Electric offered to take up the job if the bomb work could be balanced by a peacetime A-laboratory. The offer was accepted by the Atomic Energy Commission and Wilson happily joined the staff of the peaceful A-lab. Within a year he discovered that Pentagon fears of Russia's new submarine fleet had blocked the supply of uranium and so stilled the peace-lab's birth. But by then he was lodged on the G.E. research payroll and already at work on his own approach to peacetime A-power, which led him back to his boyhood dream of power from the Sun.

Volney Wilson, the high school junior in San Jose, hadn't realized that the direct conversion of heat to electricity was a dream that many scientists had dreamed before him. At G.E. he learned that the late Dr. Irving Langmuir, Nobel prizewinning student of gas discharges in vacuums, had struggled to make the dream come true from 1926 to 1931, while Wilson was still in school. Instead of being discouraged by Langmuir's failure, Wilson was stimulated. Metals unknown at the time of Langmuir's experiments had since become available, tougher forms of glass had been developed, vacuums had been perfected, and gas behavior was much better understood. Through frustration after frustration Wilson persisted until finally, in a fit of desperation while recuperating from pneumonia in the spring of 1956 ("A decade had passed since Hiroshima. There simply had to be a way to use A-power for peace"), he hit upon a theory for changing heat directly into electrical power. By January 1957 he was actually accomplishing the conversion at .5 per cent efficiency in a glass tube. By April the efficiency was up to 8 per cent. Late in November he told reporters at a G.E. press conference that a theoretical efficiency of 30 per cent was possible. Newspapers published what he said without explaining what it meant: that if the 30 per cent efficiency is achieved the electrical energy generated by any A-furnace can be doubled in return for a cost increase of perhaps as little as one cent on a dollar. It may also mean that furnaces no bigger than coat buttons will rocket mail and freight around the Earth or carry man to the Moon, Mars, or Venus.

Wilson's face shows little trace of the long succession of defeats he suffered on the path to peace. He is forty-seven now, but few lines frame the deceptive calm in which his features rest. A homely philosophy measures the words he chooses to explain what he has done. He begins by assuming that everyone knows that electrons are negatively charged particles circling the nuclei of atoms something like the thin outer shells of skin circle an onion. Just as the skins can be boiled from an onion, so electrons can be boiled from atoms by the application of heat. And just as onions boil into onion soup, so electrons boil into electrical current if they have some place to go and are persuaded to go.

PROVIDING the someplace is no problem. It can be a metal wire, bottled in a glass along with the wire that has to be heated for the boiling. Electricians call the boiler wire a cathode, the collecting wire an anode. The anode must be kept cooler than the cathode; otherwise, it too will boil out electrons to collide with the others. And the others are already in a traffic mess there inside the glass. Thousands of them are pushing and shoving, with thousands

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"Shall I tell you why I want to go to the Moon? I really don't know. I am just curious."
Dr. Edward Teller

About 18 months ago when I was in California recording Erskine Caldwell reading some of his stories like "Where the Girls were Different" and Anthony Quayle reciting Shakespeare's Sonnets and other Elizabethan Lyrics I went over to Cal and spoke to Dr. Teller about the possibility of making a record on a scientific subject that would excite one's imagination and make one eager to know more about the world that surrounds him and show him that scientific study could be invigorating and absorbing although demanding. I told him, "The record will be for an average guy like me who majored in German and English but never got beyond the binomial theorem level." Dr. Teller looked at me and said "D'accord" in Hungarian.

And then early one Sunday morning last May I met Dr. Teller in New York and we drove down to Jerry's studio where we spent the better part of the day doing the recording. Just marvelous the way this theoretical physicist worked. He would walk up and down the studio floor, nodding to himself, stop and ask me a question about a certain non-scientific point, walk over to the Steinway usually reserved for a jazz session recording and play a Mozart sonata (with great and tender skill) and then suddenly stand up and say, "Okay. Let's go." . . . And we went . . .

DR. EDWARD TELLER has made an LP record that will literally make your hair stand on end. On one side of the disk he discusses "THE SIZE AND NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE" that makes you want to jump out of your window and fly like Peter Pan to the Moon. And on the other side his *explanation* of "THE THEORY OF RELATIVITY" in terms a teenager can begin to understand turns out to be an amalgam of clarity, wisdom, wit and poetry that only someone with genes of genius could create and tell.

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more continually joining the crowd. Wilson compares the situation to a holiday jam in New York's Grand Central Station. Finally the mob is too tightly packed for anyone to move. The negative charge of every electron present pushes against the like charge of every other electron. Police must be called. Wilson's cops are ions, positively charged atomic particles. He whistles them into the crowd by heating the gas within his glass bottle. They grab hold of the negative electrons that are just standing around shifting their feet. This opens the way for electrons that want to go somewhere to get there.

Today's comparatively inefficient models of Wilson's futuristic furnaces are made of glass. One of them can power three tiny electric light bulbs (see Wilson's photo on page 42). How he will raise their power output is problematical: Perhaps by policing the electron mob with magnetism instead of with ions. How soon it will happen is anybody's guess. When it does happen, the experimental tubes of laboratory science will give way to the hardware of technology. The fragile glass containers will be supplanted by metal cylinders, the flimsy wire heat sources will be replaced by six-foot furnace boxes filled with splitting uranium, or by white hot jet exhausts or by mirrors to catch the Sun.

The culmination of Volney Wilson's boyhood dream may still be years away. He faces the prospect with equanimity. A stranger, unacquainted with the hidden drive that runs through Wilson's personal history, might call it unconcern. Visitors to the stately Wilson home on the outskirts of Schenectady are greeted by two friendly police dogs, Wilson's charming wife, their spritely-soberish nine-year-old son Lee (Robert, sixteen, is away at prep school), and a cheering drink in an oak-timbered library. Before very long, talk turns to the basement, which is fitted out as a factory for the manufacture of electric warmers for blood for Rh-negative babies. Back upstairs, at the dinner table, another Wilson experiment unfolds itself: application of fission theory to control of the human birth rate, which ranks in his mind as the Number One problem of modern man. Although there would hardly seem time for anything else, Wilson heads a ski club, runs a funicular railway (one high-wheeled cart on wooden tracks, powered by his automobile at the end of a rope) to carry thirty neighbors' sailboats over a ridge behind his house onto a small lake, and often goes out on the water himself in summer to make the wind push him until at last he harnesses the Sun.

—J. L.

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

GEOMETRY'S FROSTED SYMPHONY

Snowflakes Are as Intricately Patterned as a Bach Fugue

THE fascination of snow crystals lies in their appealing beauty. It is the fascination everyone finds in art forms executed in miniature. Yet all the beauty of a snow crystal cannot be seen. Within a single crystal there is an invisible masterpiece of construction that is achieved through the magic of nature's geometry, physics, and chemistry. It is a kind of beauty too often lost to admiration—the beauty of precision. . . .

To tell the story of snow crystals we must transport ourselves down to the sub-Lilliputian realm of the water molecule, which has a diameter of about ten billionths of an inch and carries with it three electrical charges. Under certain conditions of pressure and temperature these submicroscopic water particles desert their free-roving habits and begin to attract one another electrically. As they come together, they arrange themselves in definite rows and ranks to form the cold solid of ice. We might think of them as minute marbles piled in layers and, at the same time, arranged in a pattern that can be repeated, by the addition of more marbles, in all three dimensions in space. . . . Atoms and molecules are of course invisible to the eye, even with the aid of a conventional microscope. While tools like the X-ray, the powerful electron microscope and the cyclotron have given scientists many valuable clues to their structure, much of our knowledge about elementary particles of matter must still be inferred from their chemical and physical behavior. . . .

The . . . framework of an ice crystal is a marvelous bit of nature's brand of solid geometry. Its mathematical precision . . . is . . . as delightful to follow as the interweaving themes of a Bach fugue. Not only does the ice of a snow crystal

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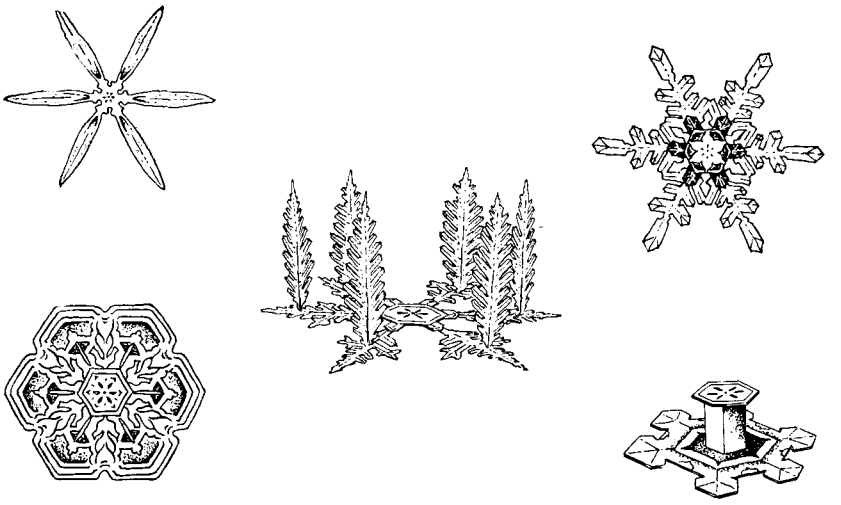

—*From "The Wonder of Snow."*

grow perpendicularly by means of interlocking pyramids of molecules, but at the same time the horizontal ice fabric extends itself broadwise in an overlapping of hexagonal molecular patterns. . . .

Since all snow crystals are born of water molecules within a cloud, it seems logical to assume that they would present a quite uniform appearance. The wonder is that snow shows not only several divergent types, but also such a wealth of variety in form and ornamentation. . . . For a number of reasons, not yet entirely clear, ice crystallizing in the free atmosphere is a great improviser. Even though it creates distinguishable types within certain known conditions of vapor concentration and temperature, it achieves endless variation apparently on the spur of the moment and often by accident. We have only to examine a few examples . . . to realize the peculiar habits of ice in the creation of crystal forms. . . . Some are six-rayed stars, simple or complexly ornate; others appear as minute hexagonal plates, plain or decorated with delicate sculpturing. . . . Quite as interesting, although not so handsome, are the columns, bullets, and needles. Much less graceful and far more common are the irregular forms which have no real symmetry whatever. . . .

Hexagonal plates are thin, solid, or partly solid snow crystals. The . . . pattern is made up of a variety of ridges and hollows—thick and thin ice. The thickened portions are often hollow where air has been trapped as the crystal grew. . . . The smallest hexagonal plates together with very tiny crystals of the stellar type are known among meteorologists as "diamond dust." They can be seen dancing and twinkling in the air early on a cold winter morning when there is a layer of thin, cold fog over the land.

Although stellar crystals represent only a small percentage of all the snow that falls, they have become the symbol for all snow. Among the snow crystal types stellar crystals show the widest range of forms: from those with simple knife-blade rays to others that resemble branching ferns. . . . During storms of heavy fall when the temperature is mild, stellar crystals tend to cling together in cottony clumps, sometimes two inches across. These feathery bundles of snow are properly known as snowflakes, in contrast to the single snow crystals that compose them. So prodigal is nature with her talents that seldom is the design of plates and stars alike on both faces of a single crystal.

Very frequently plate and star unite their characteristic forms to give us one of the most exquisite of all snow crystals: a mature hexagonal plate from which grow the decorative plumes of familiar dendritic (branching) form. A dendritic . . . snow crystal (can be) identified by the many small crystals that branch out along each of its six rays. . . . A variation of the dendritic crystal, the spatial dendrite . . . is a single hexagonal plane crystal with branches growing perpendicularly into space from each of its rays. . . .

HEXAGONAL columns are six-sided prisms of ice that are usually transparent. Most columns are flat on the ends, although one end may be pointed. Many have air inclusions, or air pockets. . . . Quite often several columns will grow from a central point of ice. . . . Very high, translucent clouds of these prism crystals produce the rainbow-colored halos often seen around the Sun and Moon.

Strange and unsnowlike as they seem, ice needles are of common occurrence. A snowfall which covers the ground with several inches of whiteness may consist entirely of needles. They are usually long, slim hexagonal rods with sharp, jagged points on each end, although they are frequently seen growing in bunches with their points bristling in many directions. . . .

Capped columns are . . . (rare) curiosities within the family of snow crystals. They have an air of unreality about them: a creation that even nature might find difficulty in accomplishing. These crystals are hexagonal columns, short or long, both ends of which terminate in hexagonal plates or, sometimes, dendritic forms. The two plates on the ends of the column are seldom alike in size and shape. Not infrequently a capped column will have a third plate growing around the column midway between the end plates. . . . They . . . (have been) referred to . . . as . . . "collar button(s).". . .

Asymmetrical crystals, by most standards, cannot be described as beautiful. They give the appearance of having been born in troublesome times or on the wrong side of the storm, yet they probably fall in greater numbers and more frequently than any other type of snow. Asymmetrical snow particles consist of a haphazard arrangement of small plate-like crystals that grow from a common center that looks like a formless bit of powder snow. To add to the confusion, these vagrants from beauty frequently clump together as snowflakes . . .

Clouds blowing across a cold mountain top often form a pearly coating called rime on trees, rocks and buildings. Rime is neither snow nor frost. Cool, minute drops of liquid water in the clouds come in contact with much colder objects and instantly freeze. Buildings sometimes collect a coating of rime feet thick, and fir trees, looking like billowy ghosts, bend under the weight.

Snow crystals falling from a high, cold cloud through a warmer cloud beneath, on their way to Earth, often take on an overcoat of frozen cloud droplets. These rime-covered crystals, officially known as graupel and popularly called "soft snow" or "snow pellets," have the appearance of snowballs in miniature. Many of them show roughly the hexagonal shape of the original snow crystal beneath the rime. During a fall of snow, graupel most often appears in sudden brief showers, bouncing on roofs and spattering against windows. Crisp and noisy, graupel is often mistaken for sleet; but sleet, being frozen raindrops, is not a form of snow.

—CORYDON BELL, *in*
"The Wonder of Snow"
(Hill and Wang, $5).

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Fred's Studio.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *What will the family physician carry in his little black bag in the year 2000? A miniature TV set through which to watch the performance of his patients' insides? (See* SR/RESEARCH, *June 1, 1957.) Magnetic pills and magnets with which to manipulate them? Who knows now that medicine is merging with physics in seeking out the stubbornest secrets of the human body? The new frontier of biophysics is delineated here by one of its most venturesome pioneers, who began work in an abandoned goat farm in New England and now has mathematicians helping physicians plan tomorrow's bedside manner.*

JOHN H. HELLER, M.D.
(New England Institute for Medical Research, Ridgefield, Connecticut)

HISTORICALLY, modern medicine emerged with the advent of careful scientific observation. The primary tools for this development were the senses of sight, hearing, and touch of the physician. The stethoscope and the microscope increased perceptiveness of sound and sight, and the X-ray permitted him to visualize certain structures which he could not feel. The second major evolutionary change in medicine came early in this century with the use of chemistry—primarily to study body fluids. Currently, the third major phase is under way. It is the inclusion of the physical sciences. In many respects this is the most revolutionary of all the changes, for the term physical sciences includes a huge number of disciplines such as nuclear physics, electronics, physical chemistry, mathematics, engineering, theoretical physics, etc.

Despite the need for this new approach, there are major problems to be overcome in the full utilization of the physical sciences in medicine. Everyone is familiar with the long period of time necessary to train a physician. A comparable period is required for a doctorate in the physical sciences. To expect a man to acquire competency in both fields is a tremendous amount to ask, yet this is the only course that scientists can follow in order to pioneer in this new area of medical physics. One cannot simply place a physicist and a physician in a team and expect to make significant progress.

The next major problem is to find an adequate environment in which these scientists can work. One would normally expect that a university medical school would provide the most hospitable climate. Unfortunately, in medical schools there are serious problems in the way which are not easily circumvented. Virtually all medical schools are departmentalized. Therefore, in a department of surgery with eight or ten full-time men on the staff, their primary responsibilities must be the teaching of surgery, operating, and taking care of patients on the ward and in the clinic. Since most schools are hard pressed with each faculty member having all that he can handle with his regular responsibilities, it would be illogical to expect a department of surgery to drop three surgeons from its staff and take on in their stead a mathematician, a physical chemist, and a solid-state physicist even though these men had a general medical background. In a few universities, departments of biophysics are being created. However, all too often, they are not an integral part of the medical school and are almost "stepchildren."

A further difficulty arises in obtaining research support or funds for the training of this new breed of medical scientist. Many foundations and granting agencies who donate funds for medical research will have on their grant advisory board a group of physicians who are not conversant with the enormously complex areas of the physical sciences. Since these men do not feel that they can adequately evaluate research proposals which contain many physical problems, they tend to shelve or refuse the grant. Similarly, agencies which make grants in the physical sciences have on their boards scientists with little familiarity of medicine; and for this reason, they will tend to reject such proposals.

Finally, by its very nature, the work in the dual fields of medicine and the physical sciences is essentially fundamental in nature. The investigator cannot predict where his investigations will lead. Unfortunately, too many foundations, corporations and other granting agencies require an answer as to where the research will lead before they will undertake support.

One attempt at providing a solution to some of the problems and difficulties posed above was the founding of the New England Institute for Medical Research in Ridgefield, Connecticut, in 1954. Since that time, we have evolved a staff including doctorate personnel in fields ranging from theoretical physics and mathematics to surgery, internal medicine, and marine biology.

Some approximation of the shape of the frontier on which we are working may be seen from the following somewhat oversimplified example.

If a typical physician of today is confronted by a serious diagnostic problem, he will turn to biochemistry for additional information. Here, however, he is confronted by three major limiting factors. First: Most biochemical methods rely on the appropriate interaction of various chemicals so that the end result yields a colored solution. The intensity of the color is an index of the amount of the original substance sought for (*i.e.*, blood sugar). However, many of the hundreds of vital substances in the body are present in such minute amounts that not even the most delicate instrument can measure, let us say, the color of blood adrenalin. Second: In order to make each chemical test, a certain amount of blood is required. Since the amount of blood in the body is limited (the problem is particularly acute in babies), the total number of tests which can be performed on a patient at one time is limited. Third: Biochemical determinations are relatively expensive.

If this same diagnostic problem is viewed from the physical point of view, it appears quite possible by physical means (as opposed to chemical) to detect hundreds of different chemicals using only a very small amount of blood and do it all in a few minutes at small cost. Such a device would require computing apparatus, special tapes, and complex spectroscopic analytical devices. It could probably be developed in five to ten years. When fully operative, this device alone could revolutionize medicine.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1241

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. De Quincey's word for pettiness or meanness of mind.	101 41 146 51 47 71 38 56 110 118 17
B. Delightful.	15 39 141 55 131 27 94 20 52
C. Halyard from the end of the gaff next the mast (2 wds.).	96 76 103 25 6 32 114 81 125
D. White Hun conquered by Turks, 550 A.D.	91 148 46 112 78 35 44 85 159 136
E. Ceases from labor.	16 99 36 163 154
F. Material about one pound of which a play was written long ago.	140 34 7 54 65
G. Greek combining form meaning a club.	102 109 126 149 79 121 97
H. What Kingsley's Water Babies turned into if they were naughty.	77 98 67 104
I. Endured.	84 30 138 12 8 22 3 107 62
J. In shipbuilding, temporary wooden brace to hold frame in position till deck beams are installed (comp.).	82 42 147 134 105 127 120 26 21

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
K. What the bossy person is said to wield (2 wds.).	158 95 152 23 73 45 133 40
L. Conveying a secondary and different meaning, with intent to deceive.	19 83 115 150 14 43 58 24 130
M. Novel by Djuna Barnes, 1937, admired by T. S. Eliot.	162 106 157 59 1 60 33 29 80
N. Exterior curve of an arch.	128 100 5 86 74 53 123 119
O. Three tenses for Florence Chadwick (3 wds.).	28 13 132 122 111 64 31 69 9 18 57 37
P. Rhyme for Word M which hasn't been in flower for 300 years.	10 129 161 116 90 144 2 4 50 48
Q. Whither the old hymn directs its "Praise to the Holiest" (3 wds.).	61 11 89 160 68 92 87 156 108 113 72
R. Statement of title, ownership, management, etc. printed in every issue of a magazine or paper.	42 93 143 75 63 70 137 145
S. Of unfamiliar appearance; uncouth; bizarre.	139 142 135 155 153 151 88 66 124 117

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

		1 M	2 P	3 I		4 P	5 N	6 C	7 F	8 I	9 O		10 P	11 Q	12 I	13 O
	14 L	15 B	16 E	17 A		18 O	19 L	20 B	21 J		22 I	23 K	24 L	25 C		26 J
27 B	28 O		29 M	30 I		31 O	32 C	33 M	34 F	35 D	36 E		37 O	38 A	39 B	40 K
	41 A	42 J	43 L	44 D	45 K		46 D	47 A	48 P		49 R	50 P	51 A	52 B	53 N	
54 F	55 B		56 A	57 O	58 L	59 M		60 M	61 Q	62 I	63 R		64 O	65 F	66 S	67 H
68 Q		69 O	70 R	71 A		72 Q	73 K	74 N	75 R		76 C	77 H		78 D	79 G	80 M
	81 C	82 J	83 L	84 I	85 D	86 N	87 Q	88 S		89 Q	90 P	91 D		92 Q	93 R	94 B
95 K	96 C		97 G	98 H		99 E	100 N	101 A	102 G	103 C	104 H	105 J	106 M	107 I	108 Q	
109 G	110 A	111 O		112 D	113 Q	114 C	115 L	116 P	117 S	118 A	119 N		120 J	121 G	122 O	123 N
124 S	125 C		126 G	127 J	128 N	129 P	130 L	131 B		132 O	133 K	134 J	135 S	136 D	137 R	138 I
	139 S	140 F		141 B	142 S	143 R	144 P		145 R	146 A	147 J	148 D	149 G	150 L	151 S	152 K
	153 S		154 E	155 S	156 Q	157 M	158 K	159 D		160 Q	161 P	162 M	163 E			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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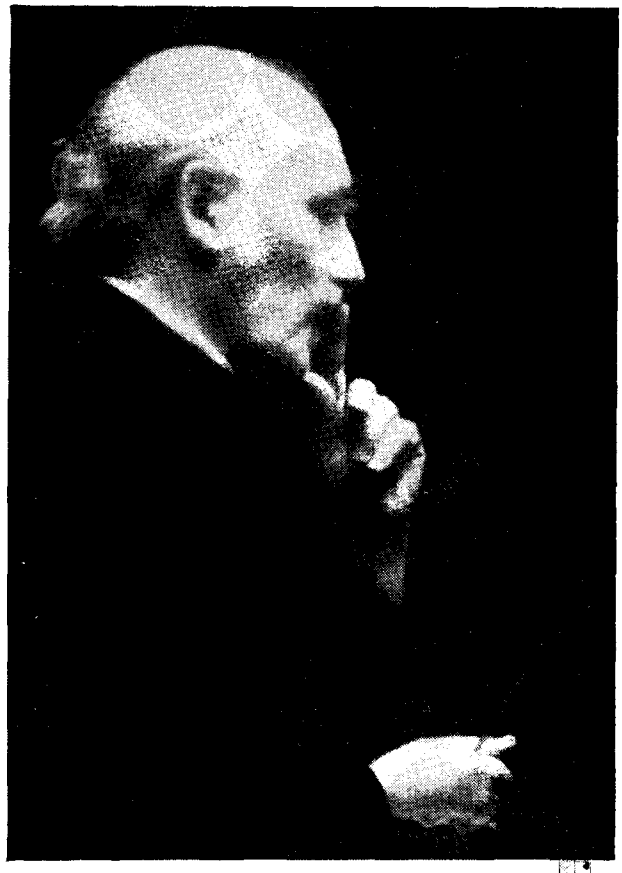
RCA VICTOR and Book-of-the-Month Club



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